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NOTES OF THE WEEK

AN "authoritative statement" was issued from Downing Street at the beginning of the week on the Anglo-American naval situation. This made it clear that agreement has reached the point where the only outstanding question concerns three eight-inch gun cruisers. These cruisers are roughly equal to a tonnage of 30,000. The total British claim is for a tonnage of 339,000, and the American for a total of 315,000. The British are to have fifty cruisers, fifteen of 10,000 tons with eight-inch guns and the remainder of 6,000 tons with six-inch guns. The United States desires thirty-six cruisers, twenty-one of the 10,000 tons and eight-inch class, and the remainder of 7,000 tons with six-inch guns; and Britain suggests that America should be content with eighteen instead of twenty-one of this heavier type. This point may be settled between the Prime Minister and the President at Washington, or it may be left to the larger Naval Conference to be held in London in January, invitations to which are shortly to be issued by Mr. MacDonald to France, Italy and Japan. Whatever the upshot, it is now quite clear that, as we have all along feared, the full American cruiser programme is to be built, and

may possibly even be increased. Thus reduction has not been achieved. It may still be effected when other categories, notably battleships, come to be considered at the Five-Power Conference.

It is specified that the conversations at Washington shall be confined to the naval negotiations; nothing else will be attempted beyond the general stimulation of good-will. The practical outcome of the agreement therefore virtually depends on the Five-Power Conference, and there the portents promise us full measure of difficulties. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald have surmounted the foot-hills and the glaciers; the final arrête awaits them, and it is formidable. Japan, France and Italy have lost no time in letting their views be known. The two first-named want submarines and plenty of them; Italy wants parity with her Mediterranean neighbour. France, in particular, is uneasy and suspicious, and her extremest newspapers are airing their views with a directness that makes their vehemence at the time of the Hague Conference seem almost mild. Despite the careful announcement that the Anglo-American accord is dependent on the larger discussions there is a widespread feeling that the whole affair is a deep-laid plot to put her at a practical and moral disadvantage.



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Probably the boldest, and one of the most necessary, steps taken by the British Delegation in Geneva is the proposal, put forward by Lord Cecil, to reconsider the decisions on land armaments reached by the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference at a time when Lord Cushendun and Mr. Gibson, the United States representative, were too occupied with naval matters to realize the gravity of agreeing that there could be no limitation of trained reserves, no limitation of military material, and no limitation of military budgets. Obviously, such limitation is essential to a reduction of armaments, and although it is easy enough to keep on good terms with the French by agreeing to do nothing at all, the danger that Germany, growing impatient of the delay in general disarmament, will begin to arm again is so great that the British Delegation has been wise to risk unpopularity in Paris. There is no reason why a "yardstick" should not be fashioned for land as well as for sea armaments. We trust the French, remembering the German danger, will not make compromise impossible.

The Assembly, despite the change of Government in Great Britain, has run its usual course. The General Debate on the work of the League during the past year dragged on until the public and Press galleries, as well as the Delegation benches, were almost empty. In the same way, after the enthusiasm of the first few days, the feeling has grown that some steps should be taken to limit the length of speeches which may be made in the meetings of Commissions, and Mr. Arthur Henderson shows much the same anxiety to speed things up as Sir Austen Chamberlain was so often criticized by the Liberal and Labour Press for showing. It has been unusual in the past for more than one representative of each Delegation to speak during the General Debate. The British Delegation on this occasion produced three speeches, but since they were all first-rate, no complaints were made. In the Commissions they have been equally vocal; Mr. Hugh Dalton, for example, spoke at length one morning about the economic work of the League, and in the afternoon dealt equally thoroughly with the treatment and development of the Secretariat. After so many years of rather undignified detachment, it is encouraging to find the British once again taking the lead at Geneva.

The Times, which for months has been doing the most admirable work directly and indirectly for the preservation of rural England, finds itself receiving many more letters on the subject than it can publish. That is but one among very many signs that educated public opinion is thoroughly aroused to the dangers which threaten the most celebrated landscapes of the countryside. In regard to Friday Street, where woodlands are coming into the market to the unholy delight of the persons who "develop" beautiful stretches of country by spoiling them, there is a vague hope that, if the immediate change be averted, the area may be brought into the scheme contemplated by the Dorking District

Council, which scheme would presumably accord with the draft prepared for the Dorking neighbourhood by the Regional Town Planning Committee. What may happen about the Hayes by-pass, or about the Guildford-Godalming road which, from Compton Corner to Milford, would spoil some charming country, is matter for conjecture. Intelligent opposition is active, but even should it prevail in these cases and dozens of others there will be little reason for complacency. As we have often enough urged before, a number of preserved beauty-spots no more make a satisfactory countryside than a succession of purple patches make a satisfactory style. Over and above places of exceptional natural charm or historical interest, we need to preserve scores of areas which have no chance of evoking passionate advocacy and liberal financial aid from sympathizers scattered all over the country, but which in their unstartling way contribute to make this country a fit home for civilized people. We shall be faring ill if beauty comes to be cherished only in its isolated and extreme manifestations.

The beginning of next month will see the introduction of the two biggest efforts yet made to rationalize our agricultural marketing. British meat and All-English flour will be offered to the public under the guarantee of the National Mark. The actual date in October when National Mark meat will be available is not yet definite, but National Mark flour will be on sale on October 1. It will be in three grades: All-English (Plain), a soft flour largely used for biscuit making; All-English (Self-Raising), chiefly for use in puddings and confectionery; and All-English Yeoman, for bread-making. The scheme is entirely voluntary although, naturally, those who take advantage of it must comply with the regulations and allow facilities for reasonable inspection in order that the Mark's reputation may be safeguarded. It is hoped that the prices for good English wheat may consequently improve. Only experiment will give a satisfactory answer to this. But it seems almost certain that good must result from a scheme that produces order out of chaos and distinguishes the special utilities of our wheat varieties. Yeoman, which is a "hard" wheat and the only English variety that will make as many loaves to the hundredweight of flour as Canadian wheat, will be placed in a position to face overseas competition on equal terms, while our softer wheats, unrivalled throughout the world for flavour, will be distinguished by this grading system and will no longer be open to disparagement on the ground of being bad bread-makers.

The Government of India, of necessity very cautious in supporting social reforms which are in advance of Indian opinion, have decided to back a Bill embodying the recommendations of the committee which has been enquiring into the question of child marriage. Roughly speaking, half of the Indian girls between ten and fifteen years of age are wives, and the number of wives under ten years of age is not less than two million.

So far as ninety per cent. of the Indian population is concerned, it is useless to talk of fixing a minimum age for marriage. In their view, a girl should be married before puberty, and only the difficulty experienced by certain communities in obtaining the bridegrooms desired, and by impoverished families in all communities, prevents the proportion of married children being much higher. But the inter-marital age of consent can be raised by legislation. No doubt; and the Government of India are acting with that object. Below twelve years of age a married girl will continue to be protected; but the new legislation will also provide for punishment for consummation of marriage before the wife is fifteen. Yet it is certain that in many communities, and in vast rural areas among virtually all communities, there will be no desire to set the law in motion. Nor is it for a moment to be assumed that all the intellectuals publicly favouring the new legislation—they are not very numerous—are heart and soul for reform. Some are profoundly sincere; some others are merely concerned for window-dressing at a time when India's political future is under discussion.

We had no space last week to comment on the welcome announcement by the Dean of Westminster that the addition of the Sacristy to the Abbey is to be postponed for three months, during which time alternative proposals can be fully considered. Among these proposals by far the most original and sensible we have yet seen is that outlined in the current issue of *Artwork*, by its editor, and our contributor, Mr. D. S. MacColl. Mr. MacColl's proposal has the simplicity of genius; seeing that there appear to be objections to all the outside sites suggested for the Sacristy, his solution is to build it underground. We have not the room to enlarge on Mr. MacColl's advocacy of this project; enough is known of his thoroughness by readers of this REVIEW for it to suffice if we say that his article outlining the scheme by no means neglects practical details. One objection in particular he has countered before it can be raised, namely, that it will be inconvenient for priests in their robes to negotiate a flight of stairs. This difficulty he would avoid by the simple expedient of a lift or lifts, and again he has satisfied himself that the proposal is practical. We urgently commend this suggestion to the Dean and Chapter. It seems to us to satisfy every requirement, and to avoid all offence.

Since local authorities dispose of not much less than £300,000,000 a year out of the funds they raise and Exchequer grants, and since they can in many ways hamper both Government policy and commercial enterprise, it is of great importance to prevent their capture by Socialism. Endeavours to complete that capture are now being arranged by the Labour Party. At Conservative headquarters, however, there is no sign of a counter-campaign. Apparently, the Conservative organizers still hold that national and local politics can be conducted apart. Whether they should so be conducted it is much too late to

discuss: the Socialists have for years associated them, and there are plain indications that they mean to associate them still more closely in the future. But official Conservatism remains inert. It deserves the classic reproach against the Allies who were always behindhand to the extent of an idea, a year, and an army. It has thought out nothing in this matter; it has let opportunity slide; it has created no body of campaigners in local politics. How it hopes to meet the challenge of its enemies is beyond guessing.

The stranding at Glasgow of a "starry" theatrical company engaged in a new musical comedy, owing to the failure of one of the "backers" to put his back into it at the critical moment, is only an example on the large scale of what still happens far too often to small troupes whose misadventures are unrecorded. It seemed at one time that the Actors' Association would rescue the profession as a whole from insecurity and the lower-paid ranks from a squalor and a penury far below the standard won by the least skilled labour in and about the play-house. Unfortunately the Association overreached itself and attempted to enforce a left-wing trade union policy of the "closed shop" which its rank and file had neither the inclination to pursue nor the power to enforce. The Stage Guild arose as a rival and the competition between the two has been disastrous. Perhaps the American Equity organization is too strong, but it is a model for the English players in so far as it really tightens up professional contracts to a level of justice and security and enforces them impartially on both sides. In England the actors' charter called the Valentine Contract has been abandoned and, if the profession is too proud to organize and is ashamed to practise even a fraction of the trade unionism used by doctors and lawyers, it will continue to pay a heavy price for its slackness and snobbery.

The epidemic of window-slashing would hardly have spread as it has if the newspapers had not "featured" it. But even the least judicious publicity cannot excite criminal impulses if they are not there to be excited, and it must be said that these outrages reveal the existence among us of persons who can derive pleasure from destruction which profits them no whit. When the offenders are caught they should be flogged—if, indeed, they are found to be sane. Society cannot afford leniency towards those who so flout the assumption on which millions' worth of property is daily exposed to risk—the assumption that where there is no prospect of personal gain from damage, damage will not be committed. It is only a fraction of its possessions that society can put in strong-rooms or under guard. For the safety of the rest it must rely on the decency which fails the normal human being only when cupidity or passion is aroused. If destruction for destruction's sake, cold-blooded and without idea of gain, is to become at all common, we shall all have to spend so much time and effort in protecting property as to be left no opportunity of enjoying its possession.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

MR. LANSBURY has alarmed the mine-owners by his remarks last week about the future of the coal industry, in the course of which he said he looked forward to the day when it would achieve complete unification as a single public utility corporation, with Government supervision and limited profits. He is reported to have added that if the owners would agree to a plan of this kind the present House of Commons would back it. If he said that he was speaking beyond his knowledge, for he cannot be at all sure that the Liberals, without whose support such a scheme would presumably not go through, would agree to vote for it. But it is unlikely that the situation will arise; there are no indications that the Government have any intention of forcing the issue on Parliament. Mr. Lansbury was speaking for himself, not as a Minister; and although there may be those in the Government who agree with his view (in default of Socialization) there are few who would be prepared at this stage to risk an attempt to translate their wishes into law.

During the election the Government rashly and foolishly promised the miners the immediate repeal of the eight-hour day. If they did not know then that it was impossible, they know it now; and they are talking to-day in a very much quieter mood. In this they are no more than sane. A return to a seven-hour or even a seven-and-a-half-hour day at this stage would be a very dangerous handicap to an industry that is beginning to show signs of improvement. Mr. MacDonald said the other day that the aim of the Government is for shorter hours and higher wages. No one will deny that these would be preferable to the long hours and low wages now ruling, but economic facts forbid a drastic move in that direction, at all events until other improvements have been accomplished.

It seems fairly clear that the Government recognize this. Their request to the owners to produce a district output and marketing scheme by mid-October was a clear sign that they understand which end of the stick to grasp; and their added intimation that failing the voluntary production of a scheme they would take steps to compel it was proof that they mean to grasp it firmly. They know that co-ordination and reorganization of the industry are the first essentials of renewed prosperity and the indispensable preliminaries to better conditions for the men. The owners for their part must be congratulated on having made a quick response to the Government's move. The scheme they have approved is a good beginning to the complete rationalization of the collieries. But it is no more than a beginning, and unless it is followed speedily and wholeheartedly by further measures, it may prove merely a false start.

It is no good fixing prices unless they are fixed at a level low enough to enable us to compete successfully in the coal markets of the world. Merely fixing them will not do that. The elimination of cut-throat competition between one colliery and another will do something to help, but the only way to effect economies on a scale that will bring prices down far enough for us to reconquer our lost markets is by thorough-going

reorganization in several directions at once. Re-equipment, research, re-grouping, the closing down of old, inefficient mines, the energetic development and marketing of by-products—these are the essentials of renewed prosperity. Only meagre progress along these lines has yet been made. The scheme of the South Yorkshire collieries for using their surplus gas and electricity to supply the business and domestic needs of the neighbouring district is a welcome sign of grace; but it is small and isolated, and confined to one objective out of many. Germany has shown what can be done by the energetic development of by-products when it is linked with thorough-going rationalization in all its aspects. Can nothing be done to persuade the owners to discard the outworn individualism which more than anything else at the present time is hampering their industry in its struggles to emerge from the slough of despond? It is as though a man in the act of drowning were to refuse to cut loose the millstone round his neck.

From a national output and marketing scheme the logical next step is to a national wage agreement. Or, at all events, to national wage negotiations. But this the owners still stubbornly refuse to concede, upholding the palpably opportunist objection that their official body, the Mining Association, has no powers to conclude such negotiations. It has not, having been deprived of them by the owners themselves after the stoppage of 1926; but what it possessed then it could very easily be endowed with again. If the owners were to go thus far they would do much to regain the confidence of the public, whose judgment is at the present time against them; and they would do much, also, to meet the demands of the miners (who last week again asked for a national agreement) and would thereby materially ease the negotiations in regard to hours. Failing this they may ruin their cause as the men ruined theirs three years ago. One further benefit of a national wage agreement, following on a national output and marketing agreement, is that the Mining Association, in possession of full powers, would then be in a position to speak authoritatively for the whole industry—to its clear advantage—in the international negotiations which the British delegation's motion in the Assembly at Geneva last week has brought within the range of practical possibility.

Mr. Lansbury's dream of a completely unified industry is the extreme conclusion of movements now afoot. Many of the more prosperous owners object to the principle of fusion, resenting the idea that successful mines should be made to share the burden of the unsuccessful. But in a perfected scheme of rationalization this would not occur; irredeemably inefficient mines would be closed down, others would be reorganized and re-equipped into efficiency, and the general rationing and pooling of resources would turn losing concerns into profit-makers. It may be that, conditions differing as they do, several groups according to districts, instead of one group for the whole country, would prove a more serviceable scheme. It may be, indeed it is likely, that the idea of Government supervision would prove weakening and vicious. And why should profits be limited—except to the extent that the workers should be given a fair share of them in wages?

The owners would be entitled to the rewards of enterprise. In any case, Mr. Lansbury's vision is remote. But this, at all events, is certain: that whatever its exact form may take, some kind of close combination must replace the existing haphazard individualism if the industry is to survive and revive.

POLITICIANS AND THE CITY

THE Foreign Minister and the Minister for War in the last Government have now followed Lord Birkenhead into the City, and soon it will be the exception for ex-Ministers not to be in the City when they are out of office. There seems to be a limitless supply of high-salaried posts in business for ex-Ministers, and we should be the last to say that a man who is good enough to earn £5,000 a year as Minister of a Government Department is not worth at least twice as much in the City. Even if they were not worth so much, it would be for the shareholders rather than for others to object; nor, human nature being what it is, can we expect ex-Cabinet Ministers to refuse these lucrative prize fellowships in business when they are on offer. Certain difficulties are likely to arise, as we shall see presently; but let us at any rate give up the pretence of being surprised or pained at this flight of politicians to the City.

Ministerial salaries were fixed at a time when the purchasing power of money was at least three or perhaps four times what it is now. Thus the £5,000 a year of a principal Secretary of State is, comparatively with a hundred years ago, now only £1,250. Moreover, it is subject to far higher taxation than then. Ministers then were supposed to have private means and politics to be on a strictly amateur basis; but now, when the standard of wealth among politicians is much lower, the real comparative rate of remuneration is certainly not higher than a fifth. Is there anything wrong in politicians seeking to earn in business the same independence of the fortunes of politics which great inherited wealth used to ensure? Of course, if politicians all took the vow of poverty when they entered on their career, interest in money would be censurable; but they have never done so. On the contrary, politicians of the old school, although they were often rich already, took good care to be far better paid than politicians are now; not to speak of the plentiful pickings that were once to be had. A politician has just as much right to earn wealth as to inherit it, and to earn it by going into the City as by writing books, as Disraeli did and Mr. Churchill does, or newspaper articles, as Mr. Lloyd George did, or by owning mills or running shops. There is no loss of dignity in ex-Ministers going into the City, and it is out-of-date snobbery to pretend there is.

But there may be inconvenience and a certain amount of injury to public interest. They all protest when they go into business that they are not giving up politics. But is an in-and-out game between business and politics quite fair to either interest? City companies might reasonably object to a politician, just when he had learnt his work and make himself indispensable, throwing up his employment with them and going to take charge of a Government Department as a Minister of the Crown. Moreover, there are objections on

the other side. Can a Minister who has been in business finance quite divest himself of his interest when he returns to the service of the State? Will not his former allegiance to some extent influence his new service, however conscientiously he may resist? When Labour is reproached with being the party of a class, it has always been ready with the retort that so are the other parties. The Liberal Party is frequently identified by its critics with the interests of big industry, and the Conservative Party has still a close connexion with the landed interest. Will not the in-and-out arrangement between the City and Westminster tend to deepen the identification of parties with interests and deprive them of their detached national outlook? Moreover, is the in-and-out practice of prominent ex-Ministers quite fair to those politicians who go on grinding away at politics on the Opposition benches for £400 a year? The work of opposition is hardly less important and responsible than that of government itself. But is it likely to be as well done if the future Ministers are busy in the City earning vast incomes in private service?

Every year politics are becoming more difficult and complicated; while the average member can, indeed must, earn a living in the intervals of his Parliamentary work, they are a whole-time job for those who expect to succeed to office no less than for those who actually hold it. Sooner or later those who are in the Ministerial line of succession must choose between the political and the business career, for politics in the higher ranks is a jealous profession and will brook no rival. Thus the flight of politicians to the City when their party is out of power, however it may be disguised, must either work out unfairly to the younger men or else reduce the amount of ability and experience on which the State service can draw.

Men work for power and for fame as well as money, and the real attraction of politics for men of ambition cannot be expressed in terms of money at all. Not only is it hopeless for the State to enter into competition with businesses run for profit for the services of able men, but even if it did there is no guarantee that the higher terms would attract the most serviceable kind of men. The increase of Ministerial salaries is therefore not a complete remedy against the evils of the present competition of private service with the public. The salary of the Prime Minister should certainly be doubled, and he should be given in addition a liberal allowance for expenses. Even then he would be poorly paid for the work he does. Some increase, if only in the form of an allowance for expenses, should also be made to the principal Secretaryships of State. But the real trouble comes when the party to which an important politician belongs is out of office. He is a lucky politician whose party is in office half his time, and therefore in estimating the real emoluments of Ministerial office we ought to divide the nominal salaries by two.

Here is the real grievance of politicians which we ought to try to meet. They are in a much less fortunate position than barristers. The successful barrister either makes an independence before he loses his vigour or he can, if he is good enough, look forward to becoming a judge, at a reduced income, no doubt, to that which he has been enjoying, but with the consolations of greater leisure

and more dignity. If politicians of Ministerial standing were in the same position they would think themselves lucky, but success in politics neither begins by making a fortune for a man nor ends by offering him a dignified and independent old age. It cannot do the one, but it might do the other.

THE SEX RAMP

DURING the last week or two, the newspapers have been giving us sensationally captioned extracts from the proceedings of the "Third Annual Congress of the World League for Sexual Reform"—to give it its full-dress title—and, for some years, book after book, in aspect scientific, socio-biologic, or domestically practical, on prudery, marriage, contraception and sex-abnormalities, has been issued for the exploitation of our curiosity or our prurience. And now Messrs. Allen and Unwin have given us a substantial volume* of over seven hundred large pages which, by the very heterogeneity of the numerous essays of which it is composed, and the widely divergent attitudes of their writers, gives the reader a good idea of the relative strengths and directions of the various currents of thought and aspiration which manifest themselves in speech or writing when sex problems are under discussion. Mr. Havelock Ellis contributes an introduction which, as might be expected, is the raciest and most effective piece of writing in the book, and the essayists include such diverse exponents of sociology and psychology as Miss Margaret Sanger, Professor McDougall, Judge Ben Lindsey, Mr. V. F. Calverton, and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale—whose mellow chapter is perhaps the most valuable of all.

The editors, who separately contribute essays to the volume, have sensibly not attempted either to select collaborators who share their views, or to induce their fellow writers to attempt a collective harmony which could but be superficial. The central doctrine of the editorial preface is that "pretence is the key to modern civilization," and that "men's ideals are fictions, in which they do not sincerely believe." That modern man carries too heavy a load of make-believe is certainly true; but that all his ideals and aspirations are amiable lies is a ridiculous over-statement. Perhaps the wisest editorial observation is that "the failure of the Church to treat sex and natural impulse with dignity and candour is the largest single fact in that disintegration of personal codes which confronts us in these hectic times; the inevitable swing of the pendulum from concealment to exhibitionism, from reticence to publicity, from modesty to vulgarity." Nevertheless, they regard even these unpleasantnesses of the transition stage as essentially wholesome as well as unavoidable, "for all their crudity and grotesquerie." As Mr. Havelock Ellis expresses it, "it is perhaps better to make the mistakes of facing life than to make the mistakes of running away from life." Like so many others, the problem is humanly soluble only by wise compromise. To quote Ibsen: "Suppress individuality and you have no life; assert it, and you have war and chaos."

Amateur theorists—and on this question most theorists are painfully amateur—usually take it for granted that the secrecy, reticence, and even prudishness which still characterize the attitude of most civilized people to the physical implications of sex are fruits of civilization itself. But, as Mr. Havelock Ellis points out, sex *taboos* are "even more emphatic without than within civilization; and sex repressions, such as we sometimes fancy are unwholesome artificialities and better abolished, are in full working order in what we call a 'state of nature.'" Nor would there seem to be any more substantial basis for the

rival doctrine that the civilized attitude to sex is distinguished from that of the savage by its greater delicacy, finer sentiment, and increased spirituality. Among uncivilized tribes, as much as with ourselves, sex ramifies into such romance, poetry and religion as inform their universe. To quote Bryk: "The negro woman in Africa feels her sexual life just like the white woman." Mr. Ellis reminds us that it is only in so far as we are able to contemplate sex objectively and impersonally that we differ in this matter from the savage, from ourselves of yesterday, or, it may be added, from the bulk of our contemporaries to-day.

And here exactly is where so much current sex-talk is wrong-headed and philosophically unsound. It is useful—indeed, almost necessary—for the ophthalmic surgeon to contemplate the eye not only as part of a living organism but also as a detached semi-mechanical object. In like manner is explained and justified the physicist's study of the electron, the quantum, and such other fragments of symbolic reality as the ingenuity of the human mind can momentarily detach from the universal flow. Mr. Havelock Ellis can safely consider and discuss "sex" in the same detached "scientific" spirit as that in which the physicist discusses his mythical entities. But ninety-nine per cent. of the people who join in the discussion are not competent to handle the symbolic scalpel or to interpret its findings. In the dissecting-room the surgeon familiarizes himself with useful facts relevant to his craft; but it is not there that he attains to knowledge of the nature of man. The simplest savage knows more of this than all the laboratories of the world could teach the wisest of us. This is not to underrate the enormous value and importance of science; but to point out that the method of science, applied by those who do not realize its inherent limitations and fundamental artificiality, leads to inevitable error. The sex-faddist is as ridiculous an object as the food-faddist, and is apt to be far more offensive to the æsthetic intelligence of sensitive neighbours.

Self-appointed reformers of social customs and accepted standards, while realizing the extent to which man's supremacy is due to his heritage of ever accumulating scientific and technical knowledge, are apt to overlook the parallel fact, that social morality is in no greater measure dependent on inherent instinct and self-trained impulse. In spite of legend, neither Rome nor the League of Nations was founded by wolf-nurtured architects and moralists. As Dr. McDougall, in an admirable and entertaining chapter, tells us, it is only those subtly acquired moral sentiments which manifest themselves as sense of good form, reverence for *taboos*, or emotional repugnance, which keep nine-tenths of us away from dangerous perversions against which average unaided reason raises no barrier. Infinity may afford an admirable environment for gods and demiurges; but æsthetic and spiritual man can only function within limitations and under restraint. If there be a particle of truth—as there certainly is—in the suggestion that most of the peculiar achievements of man, material as well as psychic, are intimately connected with sublimations of an impulse which has manifest associations with sex, then we may take it as certain that it is largely to the influence of restraining sentiments and *taboos* on sex expression that we owe the noblest creations of our race.

A lot of rubbish is uttered about the danger of curbing our instincts and of restraining the expression of our sensual impulses. But in our worship of the outer aspects of freedom we may easily lose that greater liberty which marks the highest life of man. Sex is not a mere matter of procreation or of recreation; and so long as it is discussed solely or mainly in terms of either of these ends its real human significance will be misinterpreted and misunderstood.

QUAERO

* "Sex in Civilization." Allen and Unwin. 20s.

THE IRISH THEATRE

[FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT]

THE Abbey Theatre School of Ballet has now been in existence about a year and a half. It is under the direction of Miss Ninette de Valois, whose performance at Cambridge in the 'Curse of the Aspen Tree' induced Mr. Yeats to bring this art to Dublin. She had studied at the Scala Theatre in Milan and had been in the Diaghilev ballets in Paris and London; in her first work in Dublin Miss de Valois had some of her London pupils with her, but since then she has been training an Irish school of ballet, which has met with great success and appreciation.

Last month Mr. Yeats provided the ballet with a play called 'Fighting the Waves,' founded on two famous epical stories in which the central figure is the Celtic hero, Cuchullain. Mr. Yeats had already given his version of the two stories in his 'Plays for Dancers,' under the title of the 'Only Jealousy of Emer'; but rewrote on the same theme in order, under the influence of Japanese art, to render the action abstract and suit it not only for masks, one of his older enthusiasms of the theatre, but also for ballet treatment.

I read somewhere that the Swedish Ambassador had impressed Mr. Yeats with the remark that National theatres needed the ballet, for no other art could so well give an audience the idiom of a country. This production, however, was international enough. The wonderful masks were by a Dutchman, Mr. Knop, and the modernist music was by an American, Mr. Antheil. Masks and music produced effects of the remote and abstract, and helped in assuring for the magical story a "poetic assent." But the collaboration hardly evoked the primitive heroic quality of Irish legend, in which nature is always and everywhere supernatural.

Dublin gave a good reception to what was not so much the fulfilment of a promise as an interesting experiment with considerable possibilities. One recalls in this connexion the early ideals of the Irish theatre in regard to dramatic literature. Lady Gregory has said that it was for love of the verse plays of Mr. Yeats that she gave her aid to the work of founding a national theatre in Ireland thirty years ago—and hers has been an essential aid. It was her belief, and that of Mr. Yeats, that the Dublin "pit" had an ear for poetry; and certainly in the old days when a play of his was being performed the popular parts of the house were much better filled than the stalls. Not long ago, however, he was speaking of a loss of appetite for daily rehearsals and stage-business, proposing to write only for a few friends in drawing-rooms, with masks as a substitute for special lighting and for scenery. Until the ballet drew him back it looked as if the Irish theatre would be abandoned altogether to a realism, farcical or topical, and to prose.

Not only is Mr. Yeats the only modern dramatic poet whose work is shown at the Abbey Theatre, he is also its only experimentalist. Mr. Malone, a Dublin critic, author of a recent book on Irish drama, speaks of the size of the repertory—"well over one hundred original plays have been staged at the Abbey Theatre." We have no lack of playwrights of a sort; but what is wanted is some development of the Abbey Theatre tradition, a new drama, idiomatic or national and at the same-time modern in its mode. This is long in appearing. That Dublin playgoers are ready to welcome modern drama is shown by such successes as Mr. Yeats's 'The Player Queen' and those of the independent companies here who have produced recent foreign masterpieces and a play in the expressionistic mode,

'The Old Lady says No,' by an Irishman on a subject from Irish history.

Mr. Malone's book has provoked Mr. St. John Ervine to return to Irish controversy after long abstinence. Mr. Ervine is one of the lost dramatists of the Irish theatre, and he was manager of the Abbey during the early years of the war, and at the time of the Irish Rebellion. Mr. Malone has accused Mr. Ervine of an Ulsterman's lack of understanding and sympathy, and a disregard of Irish susceptibilities which caused "the finest acting company that the theatre had known" to be scattered about the earth. Mr. Ervine had to point out in reply that Irish actors have, "like the rest of us," to earn their living; all that the Abbey could offer its star players in 1916 was £5 a week. The theatre has been in worse financial straits since Mr. Ervine's time, though now, with a Government subsidy and a popularized repertory, it enjoys a modest prosperity.

Mr. Ervine objects to the exclusion of the names of Mr. Shaw, Mr. C. K. Munro, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, from a history of the Irish theatre. If his own name is there, it is only by virtue of the fact that his 'Mixed Marriage' and his 'John Fergusson' are in the Abbey repertory. Why should the term Irish drama be confined to the work that is produced at the Abbey Theatre? It is a pertinent enquiry, and the work of the Ulster players, with Mr. Rutherford Mayne, a man of genius, at their head, should certainly be recognized in any survey of modern Irish drama. On the other hand the relation of Eugene O'Neill and Mr. Munro, and, among writers of the past, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Southerne and Wilde, to Irish drama is difficult to discover. They have had on them, in varying degrees, the stamp of their origin and must be taken account of in any description of Anglo-Irish or modern Irish literature. But they were exiles of Ireland, and their work was adapted to other tastes and needs; and if an Irishman living in Wilde's period had wished to contribute to an Irish theatre, he could have no opportunities except those offered him by the blood-and-thunder theatre of Dion Boucicault.

To the fact that the Irish literary theatre of Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory and Mrs. Moore, progenitor of the Abbey Theatre, had its origin in the Celtic revival, may be attributed the false standards of criticism that are commonly applied here to our dramatic art and our literature in general. The Celtic revival in letters coincided with the revival of political romanticisms based on the myth of a people instinct with lyrical mysticism. Political disillusion came, as was inevitable; our romanticists turned realists, and, pretending to hold up the mirror to nature, discovered the materialism, brutality and cruelty of the peasant. Their work is judged, not on its æsthetic merits, but as generalized social criticism, and according as it confirms this view or that of recent Irish events. Because Mr. Ervine has expressed low views of Irish character, his critics deny that he is competent to give an opinion on an Irish play. In such controversy the real faults of the Abbey Theatre drama—its lack of modernity, and its belated naturalism—are made to appear as virtues.

SCHWALBACH, ABOVE WIESBADEN

A PLEASANT outpost of the British Army of the Rhine is the little watering-place of Schwalbach, situated at over 1,000 feet above sea-level, some fifteen miles out of Wiesbaden. I motored out to it this fine September evening, anxious ere we leave the Rhine to renew a time-to-time acquaintance which has afforded me much pleasure. The heat had been great for days in Wiesbaden, down into whose hollow the languid

Rhine breezes seldom penetrate, and as I threaded my way through the town's traffic the air was stale with a mingled smell of pavements and provision-shops.

But many roads rise swiftly out of Wiesbaden, towards the north. This one—direct across the wooded hills into Bad Schwalbach—carries you at first through gardens and trim suburbs, and then over a little railway which wanders off into the beech-woods of the Taunus hills. After you have passed the railway you rise more steeply into the woods, gaining coloured glimpses every now and then, below you to the left, of the wide Rhine, and beyond it in the heat-haze, Mayence and the cornlands of Rhenish Hesse. There comes a point, at the top of the hill, where the view to the left is blocked by forests; but to the right—east and south-east—you look for miles over a prospect of rising and falling ridges, with spinneys, crops, meadows, dotted villages, to where the Taunus summits melt into the skyline.

The meadows (or *wiesens*) of all this elevated district of the Westerwald are things of great beauty. Strips of verdure at the bottom of each valley, with deep, narrow trenches cut along their length to guide the irrigation-waters; in spring they are enamelled with myriads of buttercups and daisies. As summer advances they grow irises, marguerites, loosestrife, meadowsweet—until now, in autumn, they are all stippled with the mauve of tiny colchicums. And meanwhile, step by step, the spacious beechwoods all around them have kept pace—anemones and snowdrops, early on, then through a host of other flowers to foxgloves, and to the willowherb which is now passing into seed.

All about me on the hill-top the air was scented with the thin upland hay which the peasants were cutting; and fine sleek horses were carting it, for in these parts the custom is to cut and cart on almost the same day. A lovely prospect, indeed, that view from the *Weisse Mauer* (as the spot is called), with dotted here and there the little cubist villages on the harvest-pattern of the countryside. Hahn, Wehen, Neuhoof, Born—one has come to know them all in the course of the Occupation, and to recognize their charm.

The shadows were beginning to fill the valleys as I dropped down a steep slope and entered Schwalbach. The little spa was still in sunshine. Few people were about in its sleepy streets, and the hotels, bearing names belonging to their pre-war days of prosperity—Herzog von Nassau, Alleesaal, Viktoria—looked as though they might be hard put to it to make both ends meet. I wandered down the main street between eighteenth-century houses, and admired in a sloping space, bright with the stained-glass-window flowers of autumn, the stucco Kurhaus, with its elaborate decoration, its pillars, balconies and porticoes. Time has softened its pretentiousness, and there are weeds growing on some of its capitals. All along the eaves were serried rows of swallows, congregating for their departure.

The scene was peacefulness personified. Though the day was not a Sunday, it yet had all the quiet of one. Behind some plane-trees the Dorset's band was playing in the public-garden to a few nurse-maids and little children, and a sedate dachshund passed me, following its bath-chaired master home. A little way below me stood the church, gloomy-looking as they nearly all are in these hills—slate roof coming partly down over plaster walls, and a high, black, bulbous tower. I descended the hill and entered. The interior was bright enough, with lighted candles and flowers and the banners of sodalities and guilds; and a scent of incense clung to it. But it seemed mildewed, all the same, and sad; and I was glad to emerge once more into the sunshine. The church is modern, no doubt; but it probably stands on the site of a much older building.

I observed, let into its outside walls, some sculptured seventeenth-century tombstones, with armorials and inscriptions difficult to decipher. They appeared to be the memorials of Nassau families that were once a power in the land.

"Wandersman, stehe still—," exhorted one.
"O, ye that pass by the way—."

P. R. B.

THE MAGIC CITY

[AN ESSAY FOR THE LITTLE ONES]

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT was one of those fat, shiny, expensive American magazines that you sometimes find in hotel lounges, marking the trail of the American tourist here. Its special subjects appeared to be travel and geography. It offered me a little travel too, for the moment I opened its vast and sumptuous advertisement section I was wandering in a foreign land, "A Loving Thought for Mother," one page began, and then gradually introduced the topic of Whitman's Sampler chocolates. "The Amber East is calling," cried another page. "Answer the lure of the great bronze image with eyes of gold." It was suggested too that I should bring the family to Minnesota, where apparently game fish await the wish of my line. I caught sight of six very tense-looking gentlemen, ready, it seemed, to spring at one another's throats at any moment, and underneath this tableau I read, "Planning high-speed business." I was warned against dull, discoloured teeth, asked to safeguard baby's health, and told definitely not to experiment with Oil Heat but to take the advice of more than 80,000 owners of William's Oil-O-Matic Heating. "Roads are White Pages of History in Virginia," another page informed me. And of course there were pictures of very aristocratic people, apparently eight feet high and made of wood, looking at enormous cars: "To step from your library or drawing-room into Cadillac or La Salle involves no change of environment," from which I gather that these cars now contain rows of bookshelves and grand pianos. "Tell your Travel Story with Filmo Movies," cried another genial bully. But why go on? Everybody knows these advertisement pages, which take toll of all America's literary and artistic cunning.

Well, I turned over dozens of these shiny leaves, feeling as usual like a very poor and distant relative of the people to whom such pages are addressed. Everybody who subscribed to that magazine seemed to be in for a far more gorgeous time than you and I can ever hope to have. I was only peeping in through the palace windows of this new world. I saw some very fine photographs of "eagles in action," and came to the conclusion that a mere snapshot of a sparrow or two would be better suited to my station—or yours—in this life. And then—why, everything was changed almost apocalyptically, in something under a dozen twinklings of an eye. You see, in the middle of this rich magazine, I came upon some coloured photographs of a place. I will try to describe some of them.

There was one of a broad blue river. You looked across it and saw, high above a line of trees, grey towers topped with little dark turrets,

standing out, solid and clear, against a pale silken sky. Then, on the next page, you looked into a sunny courtyard, with the glimmer of leaves above the ancient paving, and in this courtyard was a little company of fantastic soldiers, dressed in round black hats, white ruffs, gold and scarlet tunics, with red knee-breeches and stockings and buckled shoes, and all holding tasselled pikes. They might have marched straight out of a fairy tale. Anything might happen in a place where such soldiers mounted guard. Another photograph pretended to show me "one of the fairest corners" of this place, but obviously it was either all made up or miles and miles from anywhere, a secret. What you saw was a long sunken garden, buried among trees. In the middle was a rectangular pool, surrounded by paved walks, beyond which were beds bright with flowers. In the foreground were enormous lupins, and you never saw such blue and purple spikes. And everything there, the trees, the soft mirror of water, the walks and the flower-beds, seemed to be shimmering in a dreamy haze, and not a soul was to be seen. A man might look at that sunken garden, just peep through the tallest lupins for a minute or two, and then find he could be happy with the thought of it for a month.

These were all obviously very special places that you and I would never be able to see. But one photograph was of a street, because it said so. In the background you could see some tall buildings, but they did not look very amusing. It was what was happening in the street itself that was so curious. There was a white line running across it, and, standing a foot or two behind this line, was a tall fellow in blue holding out his arms, which were fantastically gauntleted in white. Behind him, again, was a number of great vehicles, waiting there, near the line, as if they were about to run a race and the man in blue would give the signal to start; and what made the scene so pleasing was the fact that all these vehicles were coloured a bright vermilion. You should see what a show they made on that page! I could see people, so many pink dots, sitting on top of these vehicles, waiting for the race to begin or perhaps dreaming of those romantic assignations to which such scarlet chariots must be carrying them, and I must say that when I first turned the page and saw them, I envied these people. They seemed to be even luckier than the people in the advertisements, who had been called by the Amber East and had answered the lure of the great bronze image with eyes of gold, or had taken the family to Minnesota and had fished like anything, or were able to step from their libraries and drawing-rooms, without change of environment, into Cadillacs and La Salles.

Beneath the picture of this bright and Babylonish street was something quite different, though apparently it could be seen in the same city. It was a tiny house and shop that somehow had been able to survive an immense conflagration that had happened nearly three hundred years ago. Not only that, but it had been written about by a man of genius, whose tales have been read by everybody, all over the world. And there it was, the little shop, with its low roof, its worn stones, and ancient windows, and mysterious dark doorway. A very nice girl in a blue coat and skirt and silk stockings could be seen, in the picture,

looking in the cosy little window. Imagine being able to see that shop any time you wanted, and perhaps knowing the nice girl in the blue coat too! Or, if you do not care for that kind of thing, there are "the masses of beautiful dahlias in bloom." You see them in a picture of some garden somewhere in this city. Across the right foreground there runs a row of sharp iron spikes, which are there no doubt to prevent the country's enemies charging down the flower beds. Then, bang in the middle, in all the hues that photography ever knew, are the dahlias themselves, blooming there in their hundreds, and every one of them nearly as big as your hand. Behind there are some trees, and behind them, exquisite, remote, mysterious, the upper stories of some large building in white stone, probably a palace.

And I must say these coloured photographs killed everything else in that magazine for me. After seeing them, I did not want to "Plan now for a healthful, happy vacation in Maine," nor to change my mind, cast off my Occidental worries for a while, and "watch the monkeys skipping over the walls of Jaipur" (which would, I feel sure, remind me of my Occidental worries), nor to go beyond the high Sierras where, apparently, there is a land singularly blest by Nature, nor to "savor the charm of three centuries ago, while cruising in modern luxury through the picturesque heart of French Canada." These are all very fine things to do, and in the ordinary way I might have dismissed them with the tribute of a sigh, but they did not haunt my mind as that magic city did, with its rivers and palaces and gardens and fantastic soldiers and great vermilion carriages. And I only wish they had not put at the top of these enchanted pictures the heading: "High-lights of London Town," because this piece of editorial carelessness prevented me from learning what the place really was. It can't be London, I know, because I live there and it is all quite different, a stupid medley of dirty river and buses and policemen and dusty parks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

EAST AFRICA AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—May I call attention to the statement recently made by the Foreign Secretary? He stated that any decision arrived at by the British Government on the Hilton Young Report on Closer Union in Eastern Africa would be submitted to the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League before being carried into effect.

If Mr. Henderson only means this as an act of courtesy no more need be said, but if the statement implies submitting the decision of Parliament on this matter for approval by the League the commitment would establish a dangerous precedent and be pregnant with trouble. The Commission on Closer Union in its Report (Cmd. 3234) is careful to recommend nothing that infringes the mandate; and since we may be sure that the League will find nothing infringing in the decisions shortly to be made by the Imperial Government, such decisions will be the concern first

of the Imperial Parliament representing Great Britain and the colonies concerned, and secondly, of the Empire. (I add this secondary consideration because what is done in Eastern Africa must particularly concern the Union of South Africa and the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia which have closely connected interests, and also India.) It is to be hoped that, should the necessity arise, a close watch will be kept in Parliament on the risk of any infringement of its sole right to decide these matters. Decision cannot concern the League of Nations.

While dealing with this question of Closer Union and all that depends on it I would like to emphasize the fact that Eastern Africa to-day is in the melting pot and what will emerge is of momentous import. The future welfare, peace and prosperity of a large part of a continent hangs upon decisions that must now be taken. One wishes that more people would endeavour to study these problems and so help to bring about an atmosphere of reasoned argument in Parliament rather than one of perverid partisanship for black or white. While most of those who have any knowledge of the subject agree that political equality between the two races is an utter impossibility they are, nevertheless, completely interdependent; and the solution at which we should aim is one of fair play for both (no "paramountcy of interests" for either), equal opportunities for each to develop on its own lines, and a foundation whereon future evolution of the relations between the races can proceed with safety, so that, in the words of the Report, the races "may be able to settle down together in a single state without fear of a struggle for domination." This subject is not a popular plank on a political platform but it is a most important issue, and the greater the apathy or the ignorance displayed in debate the more surely does Democracy, as the controlling power in our Empire, stand condemned.

I am, etc.,

Caterham Valley

FRANK H. MELLAND

[We agree with our correspondent on the importance of the subject of East Africa's future and share his wish that greater public interest were taken in it. But why does he boggle at the British Government keeping the Permanent Mandates Commission informed of their intentions? Great Britain administers East Africa under Mandate from the League, it is not her "possession"; and she holds it, so to speak, in trust for the League. If, for example, we in East Africa or France in Syria were, in the opinion of a member or members of the League to administer inefficiently or unjustly, the matter could be brought before the Commission for review. And since, in our correspondent's own words, "we may be sure that the League will find nothing infringing in the decisions shortly to be made by the Imperial Government," what is there to bother about?—Ed. S.R.]

ELECTRICITY FOR THE RAILWAYS

SIR,—Your statements that electricity cannot be purchased at anything like a farthing a unit and that the benefit which would accrue to the steel industry by the change-over would be more than off-set by the losses of the collieries, perhaps call for further comment. The latter shall be the first to receive attention, although one may be allowed to notice in passing that no reference was made to abatement of smoke, and that a single locomotive developing a thousand horse-power produces much more smoke than a station generating units equivalent to a hundred thousand horse-power. It is certainly an argument, but possibly a doubtful one which pleads for the maintenance of a system which requires the consumption of a hundred tons of coal when seventy tons of this amount is unnecessary. Such a system seems very unscientific, notwithstanding that there are several instances in the workings of industry which clearly show that efficiency is not always consistent with economy,

because the improvements contemplated are too costly. It would take a long time before the change-over could be completed and when it was, there would be a permanent restriction in the demand for coal required for open furnaces.

If it were possible to provide some compensation for those mines which were not economic and close them there would follow a state of affairs which consisted of a smaller demand satisfied by a reduced number of mines working under economic conditions and consequently with better results. Is it possible to produce electricity, so that the railways can obtain it at a farthing a unit or less? It may probably be assumed that all important stations in England and Scotland are producing units (kilowatt-hours) which cost less than one-tenth of a penny for fuel. Ordinary charges, working expenses, distributing expenses and profits account for the big difference between this price and the selling price of the units. The distributing expenses are very great, and will be so with the new system unless a large number of units are purchased. The voltage of the grid has been fixed at 132,000 volts, and it has been stated in the Press that to make a single connexion to this grid will cost at least £40,000. There are at present a large number of generators installed for the purpose of meeting what is termed kilowatt demand. These generators could produce a greatly increased number of units if there were a more steady demand for them, particularly at night, and excepting the fuel, which is assumed to cost a tenth of a penny per unit the additional cost entailed by the generation of the extra units would be very small indeed.

Would it be a scientific and practical proposition to dump these units to the railways at about a seventh of a penny per unit so that as many people as possible might receive the benefit? Some of the greatest industries in the world have not despised the art of dumping, and it may be assumed that it was only practised after the matter had been considered by the best experts it was possible to obtain. It is not likely that anyone will dispute the statement that there are available a large number of units which could be dumped to the railways at a cost very little in excess of that due to the extra fuel required for their production. What is likely to be disputed is any claim to these units when fresh customers arrive who are willing to pay the market price for them. Arrangements would have to be made which would stimulate supply companies to extend their plant in advance of demands. A simple scheme might be, that the supply companies provided the capital for all new plant which had been approved by the commissioners, but that the Government paid all or part of the interest until such time as the units generated by the new plant were sold at the market price.

If it were possible, when all the large generating stations have been equipped, to dump all the units necessary for working the railways at their average output of the past few years at a cost of a seventh of a penny per unit, it is not suggested that when the change-over has stimulated the working of the system and induced more traffic the extra units required should be supplied at the price of the dumped units. In other words, the usual order of things would be reversed and increased traffic would be met by increased cost of units up to a limit. The profits that would accrue, due to the dumped units, could be accurately ascertained and a portion of them set aside for the compensation of the owners of mines and the miners who suffered as a result of the change-over. But what happened to the other portion of the profits would probably depend on the political colour of the ministers who were in office when the Bill became law.

I am, etc.,

53 Upleatham Road,
Saltburn-by-the-Sea

W. ROGERS

LANSBURY AND JIX

SIR,—I am afraid I do not know what "antinomianism" means, but I should like to congratulate you on your paragraph pointing out that Mr. Lansbury, with his "wholesome dislike of railings and locked gates and restrictive rules and taboos for taboo's sake," is the very antithesis of a Labour Jix.

But why on earth is it "odd" that it should be left to a Labour Minister to show concern for personal liberty in little things? Although, admittedly, the Nonconformist conscience has a deplorable influence in the Labour Party as it has in other parties, the whole point of Socialism—be we right or wrong in our opinion—is that unlimited private property, encroaches on individual liberty (e.g., Mr. Ford able to threaten his workers even in this country with unemployment unless they will become teetotallers).

What is odd is that the genial G. L., who gives expression as a Cabinet Minister to just the same ideas as he voiced when Editor of the *Daily Herald*, should for the first time be appreciated by those who for years misrepresented him as the sort of person who went about with one pocket full of roubles and the other full of bombs.

I venture to hope that there may be soon some public apology from those who stigmatized as "friends of every country but their own" protagonists of the party which opposed the policy of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the late Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

I am, etc.,

1917 Club, ARTHUR E. E. READE
Gerrard Street, W.1

[*"Antinomian*, adj., against the law. (Gr. *anti*, against, *nomos*, a law)."] We regard it as "odd" for precisely our correspondent's own reason, namely, that the Nonconformist conscience has, at all events in the past, exerted a "deplorable influence" in the Labour Party, and tends to do so more in parties of the Left than in those of the Right. The railings round Hyde Park, which formed the context of our observations, have nothing to do with Socialist principles regarding private property. We have only admiration for Mr. Lansbury's practical crusading spirit, and though we do not agree with his political theory, we would eagerly join hands with him in pulling down railings, actual or metaphorical, wherever they unnecessarily surround the British citizen.—Ed. S.R.]

THE GOVERNMENT AND FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—*"Tournebroche's"* letter is very timely, for there has been far too much readiness to assume that Mr. Snowden has succeeded where Sir Austen Chamberlain is presumed to have failed, the critics quite forgetting that it is one thing to fight with the whole country behind you—as Mr. Snowden did—and another to fight when you know that a third of your countrymen, being Socialists or Liberals, are watching for, and gloating over, your mistakes.

In regard to Foreign affairs it has been extremely fortunate for the Government that the disturbances in Palestine took place during the Parliamentary interval, otherwise the criticisms from the Extremists on their own side—i.e., from those whose Socialism is logical and not merely political—would have been distinctly dangerous. As it is, the criticism of men like Mr. Maxton is comparatively harmless, while Conservative Imperialists are pleased with the "firmness" shown in bombing recalcitrant Arabs.

This reminds us that so long as there is one law for Asiatics and Africans and another for White men there is sure to be trouble, now that the former are educated enough to appreciate these distinctions. The Irish rebellion, with its orgy of political assassination, could have been suppressed readily enough by the free use of bombs and battleships, but Humanity revolted at the idea, and Arab "rebels"—mandated into

political servitude by the Christian Powers without any account being taken of their wishes—may be excused if they resent being subjected to punitive treatment especially terrible to people without doctors or medical appliances.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

The Grange,
Scarcroft, Nr. Leeds

[Where those who uncritically praise Mr. Snowden go astray is in their parrot-cry criticism that he succeeded where Sir Austen Chamberlain would have failed. Why Sir Austen? He would never have had the chance. Mr. Snowden is not Foreign Secretary, he is Chancellor of the Exchequer. He did not succeed Sir Austen but Mr. Winston Churchill; and we can quite easily conceive Mr. Churchill making every bit as firm a stand at the Hague as that made by Mr. Snowden.—Ed. S.R.]

[Several letters are held over]

THE THEATRE
A PAIR OF BEAUTIES

BY IVOR BROWN

The Misdoings of Charlie Peace. By Edward Percy.
Ambassadors' Theatre.
Emma Hamilton. By Temple Thurston. New Theatre.

THE crook of the contemporary stage is usually in full command of cunning and he manages to spin a web of complication about his various feats of house-breaking or homicide. Compared with these master-craftsmen of the false clue and the adroit "get-away," the historic terror of the 'seventies, Charlie Peace, was the simplest of souls. His technique in burgling was elementary. There was no daring hold-up in city streets, no cat-like raiding of a fashionable flat. He preferred large suburban houses with plenty of adjoining cover in the garden. A good burglar needs no bush, but Peace was always on the look-out for laurels. If a policeman broke into the shrubbery, Peace fired a revolver into his middle and bolted. The incompetence of the Force, which is amply demonstrated in Mr. Percy's play, permitted him an easy escape. All Charlie had to do was to put on false whiskers and move to the next town. He even attended the trial of two poor wretches falsely charged with one of his murders and gloated over a condemnation. When he coveted his neighbour's wife he planned no subtlety of strategic crime; he just shot the neighbour in his own back-yard and made off to Hull. The business was as obvious as could be; even so the police bungled the affair. Of course, it could not go on for ever, but for three years Peace had a good run for other people's money. We see him advancing in his various phases of wigged and whiskered play-acting from poverty in Sheffield to comparative splendour in Peckham, where:

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

For lute write violin. The lecherous Charles had a habit of fiddling while he burned.

His domestic behaviour had little more subtlety than his shoot-and-run raids on life and property. He kept mistress and wife together under one roof and disciplined the couple with a gigantic whip once used by his lion-taming father. Apparently they were nimble enough to dodge the hissing lash as it played about the Victorian bric-à-brac of the parlour in Peckham, and the drab little wife endured to the end the astonishing outbursts of fiddling and flagellation which were the normal entertainment of a pleasant Saturday evening in the halls of Peace. With his pastors and masters he could be very 'umble; Heap and Quilp were both in his composition. Three

hours of this company, however, seemed to me rather more than enough, for Peace in the play is a plodding and persistent scoundrel without a philosophy and without invention. He has the true criminal characteristics of courage and conceit, but lacks the size of a tragic hero.

Accordingly a dramatization of his life demands one of two conditions to enlarge and enhance it; it should be written by a poet or acted by a genius. Mr. Percy is no Shakespeare and Mr. Oswald Dale Roberts, who gave at short notice a commendably competent rendering of the part, is no Irving. Accordingly homicide, instead of being lifted to the summits of psychological mystery and darkling horror, remains a routine. Mr. Percy has worked on the principle of those packing for the holidays; he has put in two of everything. Peace has two mistresses and shoots two policemen; there are two court scenes. This may be historically true, but it is dramatically weak. One picture of each kind, imaginatively framed, would have been more effective than the accurate chronicling which attempts to excite and terrify by process of slow saturation with the man's assiduous ferocity. It is necessary that the actor should make us shiver in our shoes and Mr. Roberts's diligent service of the part had no such result with me. I was never convinced of demonic power and authentic dominion in the man, and I could not help feeling that if his wife had knocked the whip out of his hand and said, "Now, don't be silly, Charlie, just sit down and I'll make you a nice cup of tea," he would have crumpled up once and for all. It needed, in short, a more puissant personality than Mr. Roberts could bring to it. On the whole, however, Mr. Reginald Denham has collected an excellent cast, with Miss Alix Frizell and Miss Betty Hardy as excellent leaders of the ladies, and the production is a model of scenic economy, atmospheric suggestion, and ingenuity in the execution of the many changes of scene. Crime is in vogue and the play, which is neatly handled throughout, should have a fair chance of success.

Stage and film continue to give horrid confirmation to Meredith's definition of romance: "fiddling harmonics on the strings of sensuality." Mr. Temple Thurston conceives Emma Hamilton as the first martyr of rapacious males rather than as an honest and industrious daughter of the game who played it hard and played it to win, enjoying her victories to the full. If angel she was in the fluttering style that Miss Mary Newcomb's acting suggested, she was also an extremely effectual angel who beat with her wings on many doors and beat until they opened. Perhaps the dramatist believes that the public must have its harmonics when the strings of sensuality are touched; at least, he has immense stretches of theatrical tradition behind him, demanding that great lovers should be granted an indulgence after fifty or a hundred years have elapsed; none the less, a London audience is not so queasy as it was, and a little more realism and less romance in setting the tone of the play would have been acceptable. I do not suggest that we should have a scene in the remarkable Dr. Goodwin's 'Temple of Health,' at which curious fane, with its Celestial Bed, the spectacle of Emma posing as the Goddess of Health was the delight of the town. Mr. Thurston need not have answered Mr. Berkeley's success of last winter by offering us a chronicle entitled 'The Lady with a Red Lamp,' nor need he have retorted on Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson with a portrait of 'No Uncertain Strumpet.' But he might have remembered that Emma was not altogether a reluctant apprentice to the craft of pleasing men: that she managed her career with her head as well as with her heart, and that she frankly gloried in what she termed her "giddiness." Featherstonehaugh, the Sussex squire who kept her in her eighteenth year,

is shown merely as a drunken bully in the play, but there seems to be good evidence for supposing that she paid him out with her extravagance and infidelity, and that his dismissal of her in a peremptory and stingy way was somewhat natural.

Throughout six scenes Mr. Thurston fiddles harmonics industriously, and the result, thanks to the stage-craft of Mr. Leslie Banks, is pleasant to look upon. Then we take ship to Naples, and to Nelson, and excitement is inevitable. Mr. Banks plays Nelson with the right touch of sentimental intensity, and Miss Newcomb is here able to show that Emma was something other than maiden-martyr and sweet girl-graduate in Mr. Greville's school of orthography; in short, the play wakes up, but it is rather late in the evening. Miss Newcomb has won a great following in London, and at the first night her champions were obviously enraptured with the pretty way in which she caught the graces of Romney's dream. She is an actress with an individual radiance, and can bring great vividness to the alert, eager, and appealing qualities of the damsel in distress. If you can believe Emma's path to glory to have been a sentimental journey in this kind, Miss Newcomb's method of tripping along it is delightful. The men in the play have a poor time of it, but Mr. Clarke Smith and Mr. Frederic Lloyd do good service as the captain and the squire who caused Emma to lose her name and then lose it again, while Mr. Ion Swinley gives an extremely clever and sensitive performance in the hopelessly unsympathetic part of Mr. Greville.

MUSIC

THE WORCESTER MEETING

THE Three Choirs Festival is an old and venerable institution. For more than two hundred years it has been the instrument whereby the people of three Western counties have come into yearly contact with music, and have supported a charity which is in these days more than ever in need of funds. It is inevitable that such an institution, existing in the conservative atmosphere of three cathedral cities, should be slow to cast off habits which have become traditions and in some instances wear the appearance, to outside observers, of hampering barnacles.

I would not lend my voice to the annual chorus of complaint about the custom of opening the Festival with Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.' That is the cry of the weary journalist, compelled year after year to turn out at the moment when the Festival has its greatest "news value" something fresh about a similar performance of the same work. The argument of the organizers, that this is the sole opportunity offered to the people in each city of hearing a performance on the grand scale of a favourite work, seems to be borne out by the actual figures of the attendances. It must be remembered, too, that owing to the peripatetic nature of the Festival, the opportunity occurs only once in three years. The real urgency for the retention of this work and also of 'The Messiah,' for which some other work of Handel's might well be substituted on occasion, lies in one of the hampering traditions of these meetings.

It is the custom to pack into four days some twenty hours of music-making, and, since there are full rehearsals only on the Saturday afternoon and the Monday preceding the Festival, it is obvious that some of the music must be sufficiently familiar both to choirs and orchestra to make performance without rehearsal possible. The singers know their 'Elijah' and their 'Messiah' from long habit of annual performance, and the London Symphony

Orchestra is relied upon to do its part by the light of manifold experience under conductors of all sorts. The result is that the performances of these works, though pleasing enough to those who wish to hear the familiar, much-loved tunes, are not really worth crossing the street to hear.

Another tradition which may, and often does, result in performances which are not worthy of a great festival, is that which turns the organist of the cathedral in which the music is sung into a conductor. It was a reasonable enough proceeding in the days of Handel to expect any church musician to take charge of an oratorio, and so far as the works of the older masters are concerned the expectation may still be fulfilled. But since the eighteenth century the art of conducting has, like other branches of musicianship, become highly specialized, and it is about as reasonable to ask Sir Ivor Atkins, who had, until he was appointed to Worcester, never held a baton in his life, to conduct the greater part of this gargantuan programme once every three years, as it would be to shift the drummer to the first desk and make him lead the orchestra. The drummer might be able to do it if he happened to be a versatile musician, but it would not be fair to blame him if he failed. So one can only express admiration for so much that went right in Worcester Cathedral last week, not surprise at what went wrong.

In order to relieve the organist in charge of some of his responsibility it is customary to invite composers to conduct their own works, and this again is a practice which may lead to disasters for which the unprofessional conductor cannot fairly be blamed. Dr. Vaughan Williams proved himself capable last week of getting quite as many beats into a bar of common time as Sir Ivor Atkins himself, though he has not the organist's fatal habit of allowing the stick to remain still at the top of the upward stroke, so that no one can possibly tell when the next beat will come.

It would be very easy, therefore, to make the Three Choirs Festival a butt for cheap fun, and I confess that I was tempted to join in the merry game of baiting it by some of the proceedings. There was, for instance, a lack of dignity which marked the arrangements, especially at the opening service. The collection, for example, was taken in soup-plates, which were clattered about during the singing of a fine hymn to the distraction of the congregation and were then noisily clumped on the altar. Worse still, while Bach's Organ Toccata and Fugue in C major was being played at the end of the service, the collected pounds, shillings and pence were shot out of the soup-plates into a large coffer, punctuating Bach's sentences with an avalanche of coins. It does not matter, I suppose, into what vessel we place our alms, but in a great Cathedral-Church, on a great occasion, one does expect these things to be done decently and in order, even if the authorities happen to disapprove of anything in the nature of ceremonial, which, while giving dignity to the proceedings, might savour of ritual. But perhaps it was not surprising that Bach should be treated without reverence after a sermon in which the preacher had averred (in effect) that a bad hymn-tune which is popular is better than a good hymn-tune which happens to be above the taste of the general. In other words, let us not attempt to raise that taste, but rather let us degrade it with mawkish sentimentalities, and let us sing "Fight the good fight" not to Vaughan Williams's noble tune, but to the halting measures which happened to be first in the field and are therefore better known. After all, Bach is not, and never will be, popular with the devotees of the less admirable portions of Hymns A. and M.

In the face of such conditions, it is remarkable that so much modern music—that is to say, music which is modern, and not merely written by a man

who happens to be alive—should find its way into the scheme of these festivals. Not only is Elgar held in such honour in his native county that a Worcester meeting has become almost an Elgar Festival, in spite of sectarian differences which might have closed to him the doors of an Anglican Cathedral, but a work so strange in idiom to English ears as Kodály's 'Psalmus Hungaricus' found so much favour with the audience at Gloucester a year ago that it was repeated last week. Encouraged by this success, Sir Ivor Atkins boldly went one better and attempted a setting by Kaminski of the 'Magnificat.' I hope that no one will be deterred from including this work another year by the failure of the performance, which broke down completely at one point and never gave the listener a true impression of the composer's intentions. It has strength of musical thought and an ecstatic feeling which is, if more pagan and barbaric than Christian, perfectly sincere. It is noteworthy that this example of the most modern style resorts for the vocal interest of the solo part to the kind of florid decoration, translated into terms of the present day, which was in vogue two hundred years ago. The tyranny of the instrument, the outcome of the invention of the piano-forte and of German domination in music, is broken at last and the voice is coming once more into its proper kingdom.

This Festival, which is the oldest musical institution in England and is unique, is very much alive at the core, despite all the dead matter which hangs about it and impedes its true effectiveness. But if its life is not to be slowly stifled by this agglomeration of sloughed skins something must be done in the near future to relieve it of them. The programmes, to which no one can give real attention throughout their length, should be shortened, if only to ensure proper rehearsal of all the works performed, and the organist should, at least in works requiring expert technique for their proper interpretation, yield up his stick to a conductor of standing and experience. He need not, therefore, be the less master in his own house, and he would be protected from unfair criticism for performing under necessity a function for which his training and experience have not fitted him.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—186

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. *A famous personage on receiving a book which he had no intention of reading, replied to the author, "I shall lose no time in reading your book." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a similarly two-edged reply, which must be original, for each of the following occasions:*

1. On being requested to recommend an undeserving young man to an influential friend.
2. To an aunt, refusing her invitation which nothing would induce you to accept.
3. On returning a book, forcibly lent, when asked by the lender: "What did you think of it?"
4. On being shown a remarkably ugly baby by its admiring parents.
5. On being told by the mother of a girl you have always disliked, of her engagement to a man whom you like no better.
6. On being offered by a friend an exceedingly bad picture painted by himself, to add to a collection of which you are justly proud.

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a comic poem not exceeding twelve lines in length, embodying a series*

of cryptic sayings in couplets after the fashion of Blake's:

A robin red-breast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 186A, or LITERARY 186e).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 30. The results will be announced in the issue of October 5.

RESULTS OF LITERARY COMPETITIONS 184

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a metrical translation into English of the following pious verse:

Meum est propositum
In taberna mori:
Vinum sit appositum
Morientis ori:
Ut dicant, cum venerint
Angelorum chori:
Deus sit propitius
Huic potatori.

B. In these days, when it may be a crime to drink beer without a biscuit, to eat a chocolate after dark, to choose our own books and so on, an ambitious Home Secretary might well find his ingenuity taxed to devise further encroachment upon our personal liberties. We offer, therefore, a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a new restriction, together with a punishment to fit the new crime. Competitors should be reasonably brief.

REPORT FROM MR. DYNELEY HUSSEY

184A. This competition was not nearly so easy as it evidently seemed, to judge from the majority of the large number of entries. A translation—which was what I asked for—should retain the spirit and keep, within reason, to the letter of the original. Too many competitors were tripped up by the letter, especially in translating the first line, and forgot all about the spirit.

I've made up my mind to die
In an inn.

is perfectly correct—but how flat! Others forgot both letter and spirit, beginning:

'Tis the height of my ambition
In a public to expire

or,

Mine is the ardent wish and thought, etc.

which is not in the original. The obvious difficulty was to render into English the absolute simplicity, both of verbiage and of faith, which characterizes the medieval poem. But there is also another difficulty, which at least one competitor saw, but which none solved satisfactorily. The expected rhyme at the end of the last verse is "peccatori," and "potatori" is in the nature of a pun. The word translating "potatori" should, therefore, be the final word in the translation, and if anyone had discovered some

way of substituting, say, "dinner" for "sinner," and making sense, he would, other things being equal, have carried off the prize. As it is, the first prize goes to C. W. B., who saw the point and has composed the neatest version of all, leaving nothing essential out and adding no fresh ideas to the original (as so many competitors did). His translation is, perhaps, a little too pithy and epigrammatic, but it is easily the best. Kind Kittok takes the second prize, and to her modest suggestion that "English" should be allowed to include "Scots," I reply, "Certainly!" I only said "English" in order to forestall the ingenuity of learned competitors who, abiding within the strict letter of the law, might make my task harder by submitting versions in Icelandic, Chinese or other outlandish tongues. One cannot be too careful. Since there are to be no prizes for competitors in the second part, I suggest that an additional prize be awarded to Valimus for a good piece of Early English, which preserves the tang of the original. None of those who attempted modern slang or public-house heartiness achieved any success, because (whether they attempted the impossible or not) they did not preserve the simple piety of the poem and in effect produced something akin to blasphemy. Janhope is commended for an Irish version and David Nomad for the more compact of his two attempts.

FIRST PRIZE

I would die where I would dine,
Dying I would have my wine,
So may Angels pray the glibber
"God have mercy on this bibber."

C. W. B.

SECOND PRIZE

'Tis ma fate—or sae I houp—
In ma inn tae dee, O
Wi' ma lips the whisky-stoup,
Deein' may I pree, O.
So will angels, comin' doon,
Pray the Lord tae wink, O,
At the sins o' this puir loon.
Wha kent hoo tae drink, O.

KIND KITOK

ADDITIONAL PRIZE

(FROM AN OLD MS.)

Now hit ys in my herte to dye
In taverne ful y-dronken;
So in the reed wine merrilye
My dyinge lyppes be sonken;
And songes of angel quyres on hye
Up to this prayere be yeven:
To him that dronk the wine-vat drye
God sende the blysse of heven!

VALIMUS

184B. I am afraid satire is not a strong point with the competitors who sent in entries for this part of the competition. Many of the entrants attacked customs or habits which they happen to dislike, but did so without real spleen. Others made heavy fun. The punishments suggested were as humourless as the crimes. I am afraid I did not smile once, and—here is a real crime—the punishment for that is the withholding of the prizes.

TO COBWEB

AN ACROSTIC COURTEOUS

PAINED Sir or Madam, as the case may be,
I read your reprimand with sympathy.
Berating COBWEB, I don't marvel at you;
Why, PIBWOB's hideous as an Epstein statue:—
Only—please let me use it still, because,
Briefly, it has a history, as had Bos.

PIBWOB

BACK NUMBERS—CXLIII

"HOW now, Ovid! Law cases in verse?" says Tibullus in Ben Jonson's 'The Poetaster': it was that improbability that Sir Frederick Pollock gave an inappreciative public more than fifty years ago. The minute volume went into a third edition within a year, so that it seemed well started on its way to popularity, but then lapsed into neglect. About fifteen years later it was reissued, with certain of the other recreations of a scholar, but that reissue must have fallen dead, for the copy I have before me, procured in 1927, is of the 1892 edition. I have only once seen an excerpt from 'Leading Cases' in an anthology of parodies, and nowhere in the literary causeries of our time have I found duly praised one of the best set of parodies extant in English.

* * *

One of Sir Frederick Pollock's may be dismissed as a thing in part anticipated by the author of the original. Browning has his deliberate grotesque, legal Latin and all, and I cannot see that 'Any Pleader to Any Student' goes much beyond it. The rhymes are good; only Barham and Browning himself have better got away with things like "pupil," "blue pill," "soup ill," and "confess it I," "necessity"; but Browning has had the first laugh and the best. The finest fun comes to us in these parodies with the finest poetry, as in the great case of *Coggs v. Bernard* (1 Sm. L.C. 201. The cause of that classic action was that the defendant had undertaken "*salvo et secure elevare*" several hogsheads of brandy from a certain cellar and "*salvo et secure deponere*" the said hogsheads in a certain other cellar in Water Lane, but, "*per defectum curae*," had allowed one of the casks to be staved, and a deplorable loss of brandy had followed.

* * *

And this was the note struck by Sir Frederick Pollock in versifying the judgment:

Brethren, ye see this cause, and the land's need
Laid on this bench this day, whereof one speech
Should be the sentence of no darkling tongue,
Seeing we are set amidst this strife of men
As wardens of a vast and windy shore
Stormed on with surf and shocks of violent seas,
To kindle some sure beacon for a sign,
Shining henceforth to seaward.

There, indeed, we have the majesty of the law; and when Holt, C. J.,

through this undistinguished field
Drives the clean ploughshare of dividing mind,

it is impossible that we should laugh otherwise than as men smitten with giggles in the temple. Nor may we laugh at all when the punished defendants, those spillers of brandy in Water Lane, are given holy comfort:

Lift up your heads with whatso lifting up
Slain men may lift them; yea, be strong of heart,
Deem not yourselves as dead, seeing this your bane
Shall flower for life-giving to England's law,
A leading case for ever, and each drop
And several runlet of this liquor shed
In Water Lane shall rise in Westminster
A fountain-head and well-spring of clear streams
Perennial.

Rather must we mourn that Sir Frederick was not there at the actual trial to write Chief Justice Holt's judgment for him and so console the defeated litigants.

* * *

So much for judgments; of speeches uttered by parties to actions there are few to match one, in the early manner of the same master, made by the

once legally illustrious Mrs. Gallagher, since made of less account by the Married Women's Property Act:

The mystery of wives' separate trade,
By me Jane Gallagher was made
In latter days elucidate.
I writ no writing, sealed no thing,
I dealt after a man's dealing,
Until my debt was heavy and great.
By rede of the one Lord Justice,
Albeit it was newfangledness,
This will bind separate estate.

It was not idly that 'Leading Cases' was dedicated to the great poet who was also the parodist of 'The Heptalogia.'

* * *

But Sir Frederick Pollock was very far from being the admirer and mocker of one great contemporary. The *Six Carpenters' case*, in which mere refusal to pay for wine served at the Queen's Head, in the seventh year of the reign of King James, was held to be no trespass *ab initio*, inspired a ballad worthy of the attention of Child. The bad Tennyson of poetry reduced to the level of Victorian middle-class eclogues has rarely been touched off as well as in 'Wigglesworth v. Dallison.' Also, there is the ballad of 'Mostyn v. Fabrigas':

There be actions local which must be tried,
Within the ward of Cheap to wit,
Where their proper cause doth of right abide,
And St. Mary-le-Bow to prosper it;
But trespass of transitory kind,
Within the ward of Cheap to wit,
Shall be laid where the plaintiff hath a mind,
And St. Mary-le-Bow to prosper it;

A question grown as archaic as the style of its poetical treatment, as Sir Frederick confessed in a note on the case of *Whitaker v. Forbes*, 1875.

* * *

Then there is the dual virtuosity of 'Elwes v. Mawe':

Strike now, O Muse, a new measure, come forth for a greater achievement,
Armed in hexameters, august, to refute mere mortals,
Carping and cavilling brood, who doubt if such metre in English
Justly and fully sufficeth to render the music of Homer.

And, in an amiable descent to the methods of the ordinary writer of comic verse, there is the case of *Dutch Oven*, the greyhound whose tail was deleted by some hasty action of the servants of the Great Northern Railway. I have passed by things which should have sufficed to give their writer a permanent and distinguished place among parodists; I have cited only the things that entitle Sir Frederick Pollock to rank among the very best of the best.

* * *

Of the 'Diversions,' added to the reissue of 'Leading Cases,' better scholars than myself must judge. But it may be permitted me to ask how many writers we have had who could turn verses in Greek, Latin, French and German.

Maintenant la mort m'appelle,
Je ne me fais point rebelle,
Mais je veux rester soldat:
Faites ma tombe haute et large,
Pour qu'à mon aise je charge
Mon fusil dans le combat.

Faut encore une fenêtre,
Que je puisse voir renaitre
Les fleurs qui dorent le sol.
Du printemps les hirondelles
M'apporteront des nouvelles,
Et de mai le rossignol.

Pretty well for an eminent lawyer's leisure.

STET

REVIEWS

A CONSPIRACY OF ELOQUENCE

BY T. EARLE WELBY

Alice Meynell. By Viola Meynell. Cape. 15s.*The Life of George Meredith.* By R. E. Sencourt. Chapman and Hall. 16s.*Selected Poems of Francis Thompson.* Cape. 5s.

CERTAIN coincidences of publishing, which should have been completed by the issue of some selection from a poet greater than those named or a reissue of Mr. Burdett's penetrating study of 'The Idea of Coventry Patmore,' remind us of the peculiar place Mrs. Meynell occupied in the regard of contemporaries who were themselves peculiarly situated in respect of the public. To be sure, an older woman poet, ampler in production, and at once more sensuous and more thrillingly spiritual, more capable of liberty also, in her absolute command of the instrument of verse, had been equally honoured or adored by some of the greatest mid-Victorian masters. But Christina was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sister, and Swinburne was Gabriel's "little Northumbrian friend," and Christina was not merely "in the movement" but had been, as Swinburne never tired of testifying, "our Jael." It was otherwise that Mrs. Meynell came by her position. Patmore was an early but at that stage monitory admirer; Francis Thompson was not discovered by her husband until Mrs. Meynell was forty and had long been blessed with a sort of private fame; and Meredith appeared on the scene very late indeed. In the end, however, Mrs. Meynell moved through the world to the reverberation of their praise, whereas Christina Rossetti, for all that someone might now and then quote Gabriel's brusque brotherly compliments or Algernon's fervent eulogies, was famous altogether in her own right.

Little as there is usually to be said for filial biography, it is eminently appropriate that Mrs. Meynell should be first studied biographically by one of her own family. It is well, too, that we should be told so much, more even than we knew, of what Patmore, Thompson and Meredith thought and felt about her. For with all her rare and exquisitely cultivated gifts, Mrs. Meynell is not, on the whole, one of those great writers who are independent of the aura which the admiration of choice spirits has fashioned round them. There are, indeed, moments when she stands utterly clear, as in the famous early sonnet, 'Renouncement,' inspired, her daughter now tells us, by the disciplinary termination of her friendship with the priest who had received her into the Church of Rome, and as in the finest of all her later poems, 'Christ in the Universe.' But in the main it is well that we should be inducted to her, see her with Patmore's eyes or Thompson's or Meredith's, in her literary shrine, and with a sense of privilege in being admitted.

Her daughter, who is candid without the least failure in reverence, notes the ceremoniousness with which Mrs. Meynell would persuade guests to a sometimes almost Barmecidal feast. Francis Thompson, as became a fellow-poet, made no bones where there were few or none to make, and frankly carried a crust of bread from dining to drawing-room, but others apparently consoled themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Not that reason was allowed gluttony by Mrs. Meynell or that anything so vulgar as an unregulated flow of soul was encouraged. She herself was reticent, speaking out of meditation, and too precisely to leave much opportunity for her hearers to supplement her. Something of the priestess of poetry, one supposes, there must always have been about her, even when she was

"ragged" by her children in their home-made organ of literary criticism.

The biography affects one's idea of her very little. One thing, however, her daughter makes more plain than anyone else has hitherto done, a certain failure in friendship on the part of a woman loyal and generous by instinct. It is strange indeed that Coventry Patmore should have been the victim, for of all who applauded her he was not only the greatest but the one artist with an ideal as austere as her own. It was not to be expected that she should be altogether happy with the daring doctrine of 'The Unknown Eros,' and the superb political Conservatism of the fierce and isolated thinker must have given her pause, but her admiration of a great deal of what was most great in his narrow and imperious work, far from diminishing, actually increased. Yet as a man he was allowed to feel, and bitterly he felt it, that he had been supplanted, after so many years of devotion, by Meredith. And Meredith, for all that his latest and most fully informed but almost least critical student, Mr. Sencourt, may urge, was mostly Brock at his own "benefit." A man of genius, he too often preferred to indulge his mere talents, all of them at once: the complete antithesis of Patmore. The effect of Mrs. Meynell leaving her home to visit Meredith is that of the lady with the vigilantly guarded lamp calling on the firework merchant: from Palace Court to the Crystal Palace.

Meredith, in a kind of posthumous proposal, allowed her to understand that if he had known her decades earlier he would have been very different himself. But since he once managed to put virtually the whole of his incoordinate talents and his genius into a book, 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' where no coordination beyond that of 'The Arabian Nights' was needed, and out of his bitter and largely deserved experience produced such a masterpiece as 'Modern Love,' we need not sigh sentimentally with him. Nor need we grieve particularly that now and then Francis Thompson felt a little sore. Her own poetical ideal being what it was, Mrs. Meynell could not without considerable reserves acclaim the hastily acquisitive and violently spendthrift genius of Thompson, who had his perfect reader in Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, not in the woman on whom he lavished his hyperbolic compliments.

It is not, after all, in Meredith's praise or Thompson's that we shall best see Mrs. Meynell, though not to have looked at her through their eyes is to miss her historical significance. Coventry Patmore comes nearer to giving us her measure, but he, presumably in joy at finding prose as close as his own, must needs prefer it to her verse. He was wrong there, for Mrs. Meynell's prose, beautiful as it is, has taken upon itself a pattern too constricting. It has at times a punctiliousness a little—dare one say it?—like that of the man who is more careful of correct usage than the born gentleman. But all the same Patmore had most in common with her.

She herself, with a welcome gleam of humour, thought that if she had been a man and large she would have been Mr. Chesterton, but she could never have been in the least other than she was, choice and frugal, and exquisitely cultivated. We are invited to observe how human she could be, but her work suggests that she must have been human, in that sense of the word, chiefly out of courtesy. In life, we may suppose, and in art beyond question, she had early chosen her path, and if, picking her way so fastidiously along it, she paused for the civilities, there remained between her and nearly all those travellers the difference between one who has a route and those who have the impulse to wander. Against distraction and triviality she was ever on her guard: it is part of her praise. But it is possible that she left too little to luck, and even in her spiritual life to that wind which bloweth where it listeth.

SOVIET RUSSIA

An Expert in the Service of the Soviet. By M. J. Larsons. Translated by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. Benn. 10s. 6d.

Religion in Soviet Russia. By William Chauncey Emhardt. Mowbray. 16s.

IF we accept the statements of Mr. Larsons at their face value, and having little means of checking them this is difficult to avoid, the problem arises of how to explain why any experts remain in Soviet service, for the conditions here depicted are obviously both intolerable and yet tolerated. At the outbreak of the war the author was manager of the Petersburg branch of an important Russo-English joint-stock company possessing copper, iron, and gold mines. For the greater part of the period from the revolution of 1917 to the spring of 1925 he seems to have been in some kind of employment by the Soviet Government and thus had ample opportunity of learning conditions from the inside. He has been prompted to write the present book by the Schacty case of 1928, which exhibited in such a lurid light the dangers to which experts in Russia are exposed. It goes without saying that this narrative of adventures is of extremely great interest. There is, as far as we know, nothing comparable to this account of affairs as seen from within. It is, in truth, an amazing record, though Mr. Larsons does not set out to be sensational. His journeys and posts in the service of Russia were so numerous that it is difficult to keep count of them. He helped to reorganize banking, held a post in Berlin, was entrusted with repeated missions abroad—to Sweden, Germany, England, Spain, Italy, the United States. His principal work, however, was done after his appointment as Chief of the Currency Administration in 1923. For reasons of safety, though he afterwards concluded he had made a tactical mistake, he insisted on being merely Deputy Chief. Here at first his work was mainly surveying and classifying the vast hoards of silver and jewellery in the Gochran or State Treasury. There were over twenty thousand parcels of silver, most of it confiscated from the Church or from private persons. Largely, it appears, through his instrumentality virtually nothing of artistic value was destroyed. The Museums had their choice. One valuable find was a silver dish of the third century, another the famous "Black-Heads' silver" which was duly returned to Latvia.

Subsequently Mr. Larsons was much employed in platinum negotiations and mint business. He showed great initiative and clearly rendered great services to Russia, but he was ultimately recalled, he finally decided that Russia was not likely to prove a healthy place, and resigned. Russia he contrasts with America, the land of unlimited possibilities, because under Soviet rule it is, he thinks, a country of unlimited impossibilities. The atmosphere of surveillance and espionage which he describes reminds one of that ascribed to the Society of Jesus. Here is a longish extract describing the position of the expert in Soviet Russia, which really gives most of the substance of what Mr. Larsons has to say:

The Expert never has the feeling of occupying his post for life. He is, so to say, working in a vacuum. He knows, however honest he may be, that sooner or later he is sure to be supplanted by a member of the Party who has either actually acquired the necessary special knowledge or thinks he has acquired. He knows that once he has lost his post he will find no employment in Soviet Russia. No right to pension awaits him in his old age, and his prospects in this respect—if he ever thinks so far ahead—are very gloomy. The mask he is constantly compelled to wear, the pretence of sympathizing with political and economic measures that are entirely opposed to the trend of his ideas and interests, the gloomy silence into which he must relapse if he is disinclined to simulate sympathy, all these inner struggles result, especially in the

case of weaker natures, in an unfeigned, absolute indifference with regard to his work and surroundings, in a complete resignation, in a lax, indolent, purely bureaucratic exercise of his daily duties, devoid of all interest.

The picture Mr. Larsons gives elsewhere is not one of wholly unrelieved gloom. There are instances of useful work well done, but there are also instances of what can only be described as merely murderous insanity.

Mr. Emhardt's volume, of which the sub-title is 'Anarchy,' started life as an introduction to the essay on the 'Living Church' by Professor Troitsky, which is included in the volume and is itself introduced by Dr. Manning of Columbia University. It is a carefully documented work which shows the action and reaction on religion in Russia of forces both within and without. With the revolution religious change began and out of the turmoil there came a reorganized Church. Open persecution was succeeded by attempts to weaken the Church by the promotion of internal discord. A group of ambitious priests was encouraged to promote a schism from which the 'Living Church' emerged, the latter in turn experiencing two schismatic movements. Approval was given to Sovietism, and capitalism was condemned. The conclusion ultimately reached by the author is that the "Soviet Government actually fears the power of the Church; and because of this has been willing to become more and more accommodating in its attitude towards the Patriarchate, and places its only hope of advance in its programme of 'godlessness' in the education of youth."

In the introduction to this book a comparison is suggested, but not pursued, between Soviet Russia and Islam in relation to Christianity, and it is striking and far from inapt. These two books taken together cannot fail to stimulate thought on the question of the real nature of the present rule in Russia. The principal mistake, we think, is to regard what has happened as wholly new or peculiar. Essentially the Bolshevik oligarchy has been the rule of an aristocracy on a religious basis made possible by certain accidental facts but based on deep historic forces. That the aristocracy has been constituted by membership of the Communist Party and that the religion is Marxism does not alter the fact, and the existence of phenomena such as the Anti-God Society does not disprove it. Even Atheists have their God, though they be unaware of it. The history of Russia since 1917 appears less surprising if it is remembered that that most intoxicating of all things, namely, power, has come into the hands of an oligarchy of inexperienced experimentalists convinced none the less that they have a monopoly of truth.

THE STAR-SPENGLERED SPANIARD

Modern Spanish Literature. By L. A. Warren. Brentano's. 2 Vols. 30s.

THE increase of modern travel has produced a new kind of student whose method is exactly the reverse of those whose minds are planted in the universities. The knowledge of the academic student grows up from the past, but the traveller tends to work back into the past from the present. He may have read an abridged 'Don Quixote' at school, but when he stands on a pass in the Guadarramas with the two Castles floored on either side of him, he will march down towards Madrid with the intention of skipping the classics and getting at the moderns as quickly as he may. It is modern Spain, Spain since the decadence, which interests him. Well, it is a beginning, and for such a man Mr. Warren's book is intended.

Here is knowledge, sorted, potted and labelled, with a pinch of Spengler and Jung, to convince him he is as modern as he ought to be. In two stout volumes of over two hundred pages each, Mr. Warren has made a catalogue of some hundred "star" authors, with a brief monograph on each, covering in the main the period from 1830 to the present day; and has filled out the whole with quotations in Spanish and the corresponding English. There can be no question but that this will be a useful work to those struggling along in modern Spanish literature without chart or aid; how soon they will discover the superficiality of the work, how long it will be before the worm turns against its platitudes, its curious omissions, and the tyranny of its classifications is another matter. Mr. Warren has some interesting things to say, and it would be stupid to dismiss any work which stimulated the already advancing interest in Spain, but I can imagine many a discreet flight back to Fitzmaurice Kelly; and, where he falls short of contemporary work, a healthy rummaging among the many scattered essays that are available to those who want to do something more than acquire knowledge.

Under Mr. Warren's command one takes four separate literary journeys across the nineteenth century, with the novelists, the poets, the dramatists, and the essayists or polemical writers; and these four armies are in turn drilled into separate platoons: the costumbristas, the realists, the naturalists, *españolismo*, the modernistics (!), the romantics, the classicists, and there are several others. These arbitrary divisions have their convenience and even some justification; but they lead to some strange results. Why, if Baroja and Unamuno are to be bracketed under "*españolismo*" and the novel with Ganivet and Ricardo Leon, should Valle-Inclán be isolated from his due place among the Galician novelists and be associated with Azorin and Gabriel Miró? If the regional spirit is as strong in literature as Mr. Warren holds, Pereda ought to have been discussed under this head and Pérez de Ayala, Concha Espina, in their due chronological order, with him. One might thus raise a score of objections to Mr. Warren's scheme, and all would be rooted in the fact that card indexes are all very well and good when they work, but they can never present a consecutive picture or comprehensive synthesis; indeed, they may occasion serious misunderstanding and certainly will cause superficiality. The treatment of Galdós is very typical of Mr. Warren's weakness for missing half the point. He has read Menéndez y Pelayo and it is all very interesting, but what a pity Mr. Warren did not remember his opinion on the significance of Galdós to the Spanish novel. No, strong as the argument is for some method which would take cognizance of the regional spirit, this spirit is so far less apparent in literature than in popular art as to be consequently unimportant. The chronological method is infinitely superior.

In the main, our objection to Mr. Warren is not that what he says is untrue, but that it is only half true, and that often the more important half is missing. Few are likely to agree with his assertions that Pereda was "the greatest modern Spanish novelist," or that "Valle-Inclán is the most important man of letters in Spain to-day," that Ricardo Leon is worth seventeen pages when Unamuno can only be spared ten, or that Azorin has no taste for the classics outside of Cervantes. And such a piece of translation as this from Azorin's '*La Voluntad*' (why does Mr. Warren waste so much time with this book when he might be telling us more about '*Castilla*' and '*Los Pueblos*'?)

Distances much, distances much the novel from having arrived at its perfection.

leads one seriously to doubt whether Mr. Warren has understood thoroughly all he has read. There are some strange, careless misspellings, too.

As for the "generation of '98" who must have a peculiar attraction to the traveller Mr. Warren has visualized, they are scattered about in the files, and some of their company are completely missing. Their original impulse is falsely described as being directed to the imitation of everything French. Unamuno copying the French! Baroja copying the French! I doubt if the "generation of '98" have ever been so thoroughly misrepresented. However, the four armies of "stars" march across the century from Larra to the last best seller, from Espronceda to the Machados, from Rivas de Sierra and Castelar to Gomez de la Serna. It is an achievement of some kind to have gathered them all together, to have indexed them, to have psycho-analysed the race in an appendix and to have placed the curse of Spengler upon them. The traveller will be grateful for what he has learned from these volumes, but he will have much to forget.

V. S. P.

MORE WOMEN

La Duchesse du Maine. By Francis Birrell. Howe. 3s. 6d.

Three Women. By H. E. Wortham. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Charlotte Brontë. By Rosamond Langbridge. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THERE ought to be a society for the posthumous protection of celebrated women. In its absence, there is inflicted on us each publishing season a multitude of books in which the mere fact of common femininity is supposed to bring into relation to each other natures the most different and lives the most variously circumstanced. Mr. Wortham, choosing his subjects with some originality, and putting himself to the pains of some study, has earned leniency, but we really cannot see what St. Teresa, Madame de Choiseul, and Mrs. Eddy are doing within the covers of the one volume. To be sure, he entitles his sketches, 'St. Teresa and the Ideal,' 'Madame de Choiseul and the Actual,' 'Mrs. Eddy and the World of To-day'; but the device does not persuade us of the reasonableness of his procedure.

What we should have welcomed is a still fuller account of Mrs. Eddy; even as it is, we may congratulate Mr. Wortham on easily the best sketch of her amazing career written for those outside her following. "The Bible says Mary Magdalene had seven devils, but our Mary has ten," her father is reputed to have remarked when the girl, in her customary reaction to his arguments, had one of her fits. She had, at any rate, extraordinary force of character, and when she eventually became the leader of her movement she developed a practical statesmanship that enabled her iron will to prevail. Mr. Wortham's description of the methods by which she guarded against rivalry and revolt is illuminating. And it is not without a thrill that we read of the aged and dying woman's fortitude in taking her daily drive lest her enemies, those who willed her not to be other than an invalid, who could and did will bad weather, and against whose mental warfare on her even her bodyguard of well-wishers could not prevail, should triumph over her.

In dealing with Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Wortham has kept in mind what, among so much that does not matter, it truly concerns us to know. We cannot say as much for his treatment of St. Teresa. Crashaw, in his magnificent eulogy, has given us what in that saint and genius is eternally significant. Mr. Wortham's study has no "large draughts of intellectual day," and reduces the "undaunted daughter of desires" to the level of a mere reformer.

Mr. Birrell, with his single subject, one known to most English readers chiefly through one of Sainte-

Beuve's 'Lundis,' hovers a little uncertainly between giving us a complete outline of that queer little doll's career and giving us what in it will appeal most to a reader of to-day. His task in any event would not have been easy, for to appreciate her ambitions and tragic-comic miscalculations it is necessary to be familiar with half a century of political and personal intrigue in the France of her confused age. He has acumen, as in his excellently pointed remarks about the modernity of patriotism in the sense of a devotion to the entire common weal, and in his comment on the Duchesse du Maine's belief that she was being reactionary, when, in her way, she was helping forward the new forces.

Charlotte Brontë has been written as nearly to death as an immortal can be. Miss Langbridge's is "a psychological study," written largely in protest against what she considers "the foolish fashion" set by Mrs. Gaskell's biography. Miss Langbridge has genuine if somewhat too conscious independence, and she is outspoken enough. But her moral indignation is fatiguing in the long run, and she too often presents quarter-truths as whole truths. There is, in short, an air of "the truth about Charlotte Brontë" pervading this book. Mrs. Gaskell's book had obvious limitations, but it was a biography; Miss Langbridge's is a rather too violent exercise in psychology.

THE COLOURED COUNTIES

Devon. By S. E. Winbolt. Bell's Pocket Guides. Bell. 6s.

Somerset. By S. E. Winbolt. Bell's Pocket Guides. Bell. 6s.

Sussex. By John H. Ford. Knopf. 4s.

Old Sussex and Its Diarists. By Arthur J. Rees. The Bodley Head. 6s.

Yorkshire in Prose and Verse. By G. F. Wilson. The County Anthologies. Mathews and Marrot. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

Derbyshire in Prose and Verse. By Thomas Moulton. The County Anthologies. Mathews and Marrot. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

Lancashire in Prose and Verse. By Hugh Quigley. The County Anthologies. Mathews and Marrot. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

IF England is still an undiscovered country to a very large number of Englishmen, the responsibility can hardly be laid to the account of our anthologists and writers of guide books. There is no cessation to their labours, and scarcely a month passes that does not witness the publication of a book in which the charms of some particular English county are carefully and laboriously explained. The guide books of Mr. S. E. Winbolt stand in a class by themselves. They are admirably written, thorough and exhaustive. They owe, too, much of their attractiveness to the beautiful photographs of Edgar and Winifred Ward. The double-page photograph of Dunster in the volume on Somerset, for instance, is something more than a photograph: it is a work of art.

To the making of books about Sussex there appears to be no end. Mr. J. H. Ford, one of the latest of that county's chroniclers, was at one time an inspector of schools, and there are occasions when he seems to have modelled his style on that of one of his more promising scholars. "In 1678 Titus Oates, an unworthy son of Sussex, hatched his nefarious plot," may be cited as an illustration. The book, which is a recent edition to the Borzoi County Histories, traces the history of Sussex from Saxon times to the present day, and is based very largely

on the writings of earlier authorities. A valuable feature is the glossary of place-names with their derivations at the end of the volume.

The only defect of Mr. Arthur J. Rees's otherwise excellent book, 'Old Sussex and Its Diarists,' is that it contains only one or two incidental references to the diary of Thomas Turner. Mr. Rees offers an explanation of this omission. "Turner," he writes, "is perhaps the most widely known of the Sussex diarists, and my aim has been, as far as possible, to steer clear of the beaten track." It may be doubted, however, whether Turner's diary is as well known as Mr. Rees imagines, though an edition, under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Priestley, was published two or three years ago. Of the diarists who figure in these pages the most interesting, perhaps, is Giles Moore, a seventeenth-century rector of Horstead Keynes. Moore was a tolerant and kindly parson of the old school, endowed with no great evangelical fervour, but adequately assiduous in the performance of his parish duties. He denounces one of his maid-servants as a "whoare," but "marries her to her sweetheart and gives her gifts worth her year's wages at the wedding feast."

The County Anthologies is a new series, under the general editorship of Mr. R. Pape Cowl, the aim of which is "to survey and illustrate the debt of English literature to the scenery and genius of individual counties in the British Isles." In addition to those volumes already published, three others are announced in Kent, Lancashire and Middlesex respectively. Mr. Cowl is to be felicitated on his three opening volumes. That on Yorkshire in particular is a model of scholarship and research. It is true that the compiler had a comparatively easy task. Yorkshire—"the most renown'd of Shires," as Drayton called it—has been the subject of innumerable eulogies in prose and verse, and Mr. Wilson finds no difficulty

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JERUSALEM

Crusader's Coast. By Edward Thompson. Illustrated by C. E. Hughes. Benn. 10s. 6d.

JUST at the present moment the only advice to give an intending visitor to Palestine would be the same as that of *Punch* to those about to marry. But civil disturbances and massacres apart, Palestine has always been a distinctly delicate place to visit—a land of disillusionment for most and of real mental suffering for some. The extent of the shock which each pious pilgrim receives, almost as he sets foot upon the shore, is measured only by his native intelligence, his sense of humour, and his knowledge of Near Eastern history subsequent to the date of Pontius Pilate. And in all these respects most tourists appear to be singularly lacking. Having arrived at Jerusalem and found the tombs of Adam and Our Lord and several of the prophets, all jostling each other in the same building as the site of the Crucifixion (with a separate charge for admission for each), our pilgrim either takes the first boat back to England, or he solaces himself with that last resort of credulity, the tomb known as "General Gordon's"—which does, indeed, happen to lie just now "outside the city wall," but is otherwise the least convincing site in the whole of Palestine.

But if a man will take the trouble to keep a few dates in his head, if he will recollect that Roman and Greek Palestine must have disappeared long ago, that Byzantine Palestine was destroyed by the Saracens, and that the Turks—who have only just been ejected, after sprawling over the Holy Land for more than five hundred years—never create anything at all, he will then look for, and will duly find, a long coastal district which is dominated by the remains of the last Western civilization which held a footing there before the Turkish blight set in. He will find, in fact, "Crusader's Coast." He will not find the Palestine of the New Testament (any more than the "land flowing with milk and honey" of the Old), but he will find a desolately beautiful, neglected, romantic country; and in Jerusalem he will discover one of the most magnificently situated, unspoilt medieval towns surviving anywhere to-day, still towering defiant behind its ancient walls, just as Richard Lion Heart saw it. Mr. Edward Thompson was not there very long—his are only war-time impressions—but he has caught this point. He writes of Jerusalem:—

Her visitors are conscious enough of how bigotry and cynicism have soiled the noblest city of the world; and her sordid greed is open to view. But I would forget all this, and would remember, as I close, only her gracious story, and the hills which girdle her, the lights of heaven which make her glorious. I would see again the wonderful contours of the bare heights, or look down from Olivet on Jordan, the perpetual haze of heat and damp in which our soldiers endured days never borne before. Who that has seen can forget the fascination of that view?

Mr. Thompson's personal interest lies mainly in the flora and fauna of the country. He rambles over the stony hills of Judæa, looking for wild flowers, and finding them in coloured multitudes. A visit to Palestine helps one to realize that the riotous growth of flowers round apostolic feet which is such a feature of stained-glass windows, old and new, may after all be based on a sound tradition—the stories brought home by crusaders. In the meantime this

amiable, sensitive and sensible little book seems to insist gently but firmly upon the things that are really permanent. Politics are mentioned once or twice; but it is made clear that wild flowers last longer. We and our wars—even our "Great War," as we love to call it—are set in their true perspective. Jerusalem does that to men. And the illustrations contributed by Mr. C. E. Hughes are equally in the right spirit. Here are two understanding pilgrims.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Joy Is My Name. By Sarah Salt. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Monkey Tree. By Desmond Coke. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The Dead Hand. By I. R. G. Hart. Benn. 7s. 6d.

'JOY IS MY NAME' is a novel which startles us and would have scandalized most Victorian readers; but for all the modernity of its treatment, in spirit it belongs to the last century. With certain important modifications it might even be dramatized and played at the Lyceum.

The heroine, Joyce Raven, a kind-hearted, well-meaning, sensitive, silly girl leaves her provincial, lower middle-class home and throws in her lot with a travelling theatrical company. The conditions, moral and physical, in which this company exists are as squalid as Miss Salt's vivid imagination can paint them. Joy (as she is ironically called) moves among them, an angel of innocence. But presently she attracts the attention of Maurice, Mrs. Rice-Pilkington's leading man, secretary and lover. He kisses her and gives her a pair of shoes, and she is ignominiously expelled from the company by its patroness: "I always say to little girls who can't act, 'Go home and get married, my dear.'" Alone and nearly penniless in London poor Joy, who doesn't want to go home and can't get married, is soon faced by an alternative which reader and author envisage much more clearly than she does. Everything that happens to her, rebuffs from theatrical agents, menaces from her landlady, solicitations from strange men, is expressly designed to illustrate two things: the goodness of her nature and the cruelty of her fate. Fortune, indeed, never misses a chance to buffet her. Trying to pawn the pendant Maurice had given her, she was informed that it was made of nine-carat gold and bits of coloured glass; and "when she got outside the shop, a fine rain was falling." Her mother was dreadfully ill; small wonder that at last she telephoned to Mr. Thomas Thatch, who said he'd like to see her with a few good pearls on her neck. Her mother, for whose sake she made this sacrifice, recovered and reviled her; the matron of the lunatic asylum in which she next found employment (there was "a heavy sexual shadow" over it) discharged her because she was too kind to the patients and the doctor liked her too well. She returned to London to find Maurice also *désœuvré*, but still with "quite a big feeling for her under his waistcoat." But, broken as she was, it was a long time before she assented to his proposal or even understood its nature. . . .

Miss Salt's book is much more lively and readable than it sounds from the plot. The irony is continuous and effective, the characterization subtle but clear, the dialogue, even at its most dreadful, amusing. As a story 'Joy Is My Name' is a decided success. As a denunciation of human behaviour, of man's inhumanity to woman, it is less convincing. First, because Miss Salt seems to enjoy it all so much; her creative instinct fairly glows with the excitement of inventing fresh torments for poor Joy:

she feels no responsibility for darkening the reader's mind with so much sorrow. Secondly, in her anxiety to load the dice against her heroine, she falls into a lamentable sentimentality: only be kind and good, she seems to say, and you will soon be on the streets. But we know that virtue is not so penalized: it is quite often attended by worldly success.

'The Monkey Tree' is a triangle comedy of an unusual kind, the persons involved being a man, his wife and his mother. It has further claims to originality, for though comic in the main it is written in a variety of keys, between which it fluctuates bewilderingly. The hero is a demobilized officer, out of a job, difficult to please, and critical of everyone, including his devoted mother. So far the book is like a realistic study of post-war conditions. Then it plunges into drama. Roy's restlessness leads him into an affair with a woman. The husband returns drunk, finds them together, and is shot by the wife. Roy takes all this very lightly; disregards his late mistress's requests for money and renewal of affection and, when she becomes importunate and threatening, takes his newly-married wife to interview her, and she extinguishes her husband's former flame with a few strong, well-chosen words. Anything more improbable than this scene it is hard to imagine; and improbability, in a milder form, reasserts itself directly the proper subject of the story is reached—the *ménage à trois* in Mrs. Gillies's house. That an able-bodied man like Roy, with a mistress and so forth, should accept his mother's hospitality for himself and his wife, and should then violate her susceptibilities by turning a cherished front room first into an antique shop and then into a tea-room—such selfishness excites one's indignation; and when the two of them have her favourite tree cut down because its shadow was bad for trade, one's rage boils over. But so impartial is Mr. Coke, he regards with equal eye their outrageous, unfilial encroachments and the natural

irritability of poor Mrs. Gillies, disturbed and partially dispossessed. He even lets these cuckoos carry the day, without a sign of moral disapproval. Though Mr. Coke flouts probability in so far as the actions of his characters are concerned, his account of their emotional interactions is fresh, subtle, and delightful. He exasperates, but he does not fail to interest.

The mystery round which 'The Dead Hand' is constructed might in other hands have given rise to a detective story of the usual type. For the author it is the basis of a study in psychology—a tangle of events occurring off stage, before the curtain rises. The protagonists, of whom two are living and one is dead, are presented to the reader in a series of long dialogues and soliloquies. The scene is vague. The "properties"—one can hardly call them "clues"—are immaterial—memories, intuitions and significant phrases. The plot never thickens. Rather, it clarifies itself and reveals what is already implicit by means of a thousand hints and conjectures, a thousand brief but lucid intervals—sentences without verbs, dots and parentheses.

Miss Hart's technique is almost consistently able. Yet there are moments when one longs for more substantiality, for maps and diagrams, calendars and time tables, for any concrete island in the flood of thought and sensation. One seizes with gratitude on a stray reference to London and Southampton, on the fact that the heroine wore grey, which did not suit her. But such relief is rare.

'The Dead Hand' is called by its publishers a mystery-thriller. If such a description is apt, we must amend our definition. In the old sense of the word Miss Hart does not thrill. Her method is too intricate to beguile a railway journey. It is easier to admire her as a pioneer in the creation of a new and possibly important literary form for which, so far, no adequate label has been found.

A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe

would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

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SHORTER NOTICES

Queer Books. By Edmund Pearson. Constable. 15s.

MR. PEARSON was formerly a member of the staff of the New York Public Library, and there amused himself by browsing among many forgotten volumes. He has now occupied some of his learned leisure by passing on the sources of his amusement to the reading public, who will be grateful for the very entertaining book which he has thus produced. He introduces us to the host of temperance stories which were in circulation fifty years before Prohibition had become a plausible possibility, and to the political orations on which the celebrated Program Defiance was modelled. He has unearthed some fascinating guides to genteel behaviour, in which we learn that "a Gentleman ought not to run or walk too fast in the streets, lest he be suspected to be going a Message." He presents some gems of style from early American thrillers and shockers. When a heroine cried in her lover's arms, "her lachrymal lakes overflowed his garments with drops that were to him the myrrh of the soul." When a hero wrote, he "merged his plumed implement of chirography into the atramentous fluid." Some of the poets and eccentric writers whom Mr. Pearson revives are scarcely credible, but no doubt they really exist on the shelves of American libraries.

Famous Plays of To-day. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

TO the large fleet of "omnibus" or inclusive volumes Mr. Gollancz has just added one that should be of the greatest use to students of the contemporary theatre. In a book that would slip easily into a large coat-pocket and at a price of fifteen-pence a play he offers six of the best English pieces of our time. Mr. R. C. Sherriff's 'Journey's End,' Mr. John Van Druten's 'Young Woodley' and Mr. Reginald Berkeley's 'The Lady with a Lamp' are three pieces which in their various ways have done honour to the London Stage. Mr. Duker is represented by his powerful adaptation of 'Such Men are Dangerous,' and Mr. Monckton Hoffe by the charming 'Many Waters.' 'Mr. Moonlight' hardly shows Mr. Benn Levy at his best. The author describes it as "pastiche" as though he felt shame to be so Barrie-ish. No doubt it ran a little longer than his 'Mud and Treacle,' but the latter was a far more interesting play. However, one weak entry is a small blemish on so richly inclusive an epitome of modern styles in play-writing.

In the Land of the Lion. By Cherry Kearton. Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d.

MR. KEARTON'S wonderful films of wild animals in their native haunts are so well known that there is no need to emphasize his exceptional knowledge of the subject on which he writes. His new book is an account of the fauna of Central Africa, written in a popular style and illustrated with eighty remarkable photographs, selected from his latest film. Mr. Kearton always goes unarmed, and writes amusingly of the desirability of having a tree handy to go up if his involuntary sitters show signs of taking too lively an interest in the camera. The motor-car has been of great assistance; even the shyest creatures have not yet learnt to be afraid of it. Unfortunately, the "week-end sportsman" has also found it a help, and Mr. Kearton again reminds us that "animal life is disappearing at a rate that would astonish the most casual observer." There is no wish dearer to his heart than that "the wholesale killing of these wild creatures, either for sport or for commercial ends, should cease." It is probable that the establishment of vast game reserves, now being undertaken by many African administrations, will alone keep the rhinoceros and the gorilla in existence for the twenty-first-century naturalist to study. Meantime, those who can never hope to see them in their native environment can learn how they live and look from such an admirable book as Mr. Kearton has now given us.

Merchantmen-at-Arms. By David W. Bone. With drawings by Muirhead Bone, and an introduction by H. M. Tomlinson. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

MR DAVID BONE'S deservedly famous record—for indeed there is no other—of the gallant services rendered by the British mercantile marine during the Great War comes to us in a new edition, of which the leading feature is an introduction specially written by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. As Mr. Tomlinson says, he knows comparatively little about the sea. But he does know how to write an introduction. Mr. Bone, for his part, explains that he has made certain deletions—bitter "weeds of thought," it would appear, nourished "in passionate war service." One chapter has gone altogether. "Father Time," he truly remarks, "has laid a keen scythe at the root of our indignations." Still these things are on record, and though we may agree not to mention them now, they cannot be blotted out. The book triumphantly survives the pruning knife: it reads as well as ever.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- MEMORIES OF FOUR FRONTS. By Lt.-Gen. Sir William Marshall. Benn. 21s.
A HISTORY OF EGYPT. Vols. I and II. By James Baikie. Black. 36s. the set.
HOW WE TRIED TO SAVE THE TSARITSA. By S. V. Markov. Putnam. 15s.
KATHERINE SCOTT. By G. F. Barbour. Blackwood. 3s. 6d.
DUDLEY AND BILDEROY. By Algernon Blackwood. Benn. 8s. 6d.
PETER THE GREAT. By Stephen Graham. Benn. 21s.
C. A. MONTAGUE. By Oliver Elton. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. (September 26.)
THE GREAT EARL OF PETERBOROUGH. By Brig.-Gen. Colin Ballard. Skeffington. 21s.
THE HANSA: ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE. By E. Gee Nash. The Bodley Head. 18s.
A HISTORY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN ETCHING. By James Laver. Benn. £3 3s. Also an Edition de Luxe at £6 6s.
HEINE. By H. G. Atkins. Routledge. 6s.
NURSERY LIFE 300 YEARS AGO. By Lucy Crump. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

VERSE

- INTERLUDES OF AN EDITOR. By Sir Owen Seaman. Constable. 7s. 6d. (September 26.)
MEDITATIONS OF A COTTON SPINNER. By T. B. Lewis. Martin Hopkinson. 6s.
NEAR AND FAR. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. (September 26.)
POEMS BY Q. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.
SELECTED VERSE. By R. C. Lehmann. Blackwood. 5s.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE TESTAMENTS. By Henry Kendall Booth. Scribners. 7s. 6d. (September 26.)
THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant. Benn. 25s. (September 20.)
THE BLESSED WAY. By Charles Albert Hall. New Church Press. 1s. and 2s.



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THIS PICTURESQUE SMALL TOWN on the Suffolk Coast is an ideal place for those who desire a few days' complete change and rest. The town itself, with its wonderful Church and quaint "greens" and great, high Common commanding extensive views over sea and land, is different from the usual seaside resorts.

Across the river is WALBERSWICK, the haunt of nearly all artists and of many famous authors for some fifty years past, and from here are many beautiful walks or rides, either along the beach or across the silent marshes, to the lost city of DUNWICH, or over hilly gorse and heather commons flanked by woods in autumn tints to BLYTHBURGH, with its noble church, or WENHASTON, with the large mediæval picture of "The Doom."

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Southwold provides excellent sea angling, and there is an attractive 18-hole golf course. By road it is 103 miles from London, and by train about two hours to SAXMUNDHAM (16 miles) and a little more to DARSHAM (7 miles), HALESWOTH (9 miles), where motors from hotels meet visitors by appointment.

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ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 392

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, September 26)

'MONGST BEASTS OF PREY THE FOREMOST PLACE WE HOLD:
WHAT OTHERS ARE SO SAVAGE, FIERCE, AND BOLD?

1. Core of a hedge-plant known to every clown.
2. This, rest assured, is Lady Hightone's gown.
3. You've found it? Pray make haste and put it down!
4. Some devilkin to chant this word invites.
5. Peru and Chili know my rocky heights.
6. "Designed?" Not so: by chance it did befall.
7. To duties paying no regard at all.
8. From French delivery detach an heir.
9. Thus going, no one knew that he was there.
10. Gives power to purchase all that gold can buy.
11. Not born beneath a glowing southern sky.

Solution of Acrostic No. 390

B an Jo 1 "In painting, an illumination surrounding
A rn O a holy person . . . Aureola, Glory, and
L ogicia N Nimbus have quite distinct uses, though
A ureol A frequently confounded in popular usage."
A ngel-fis H 2 Squatina angelus. Also called Monk-fish
M ithra S 3 and Fiddle-fish.
S 'ea-cal F 4 And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
dA fod II To kneel at shrines of yesterday.
S weeping S Lalla Rookh.
S tage-coac H It should be Mithras'. Many shrines of
Mithras have been discovered in Europe of
recent years, some in caves or subterranean
hollows.
4 The common seal is so called.

ACROSTIC No. 390.—The winner is Mrs. J. Butler, 172 Rosendale Road, Dulwich, S.E.21, who has selected as her prize 'Himself and Mr. Raikes,' by W. B. Maxwell, published by Hutchinson and reviewed by us on September 7. Twenty-five other competitors chose this book, forty-five named 'Travels and Reflections,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robert Brown, Buns, Carlton, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, D. L., Dodo, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Glamis, Mrs. Greene, Hanworth, H. C. M., Iago, Jeff, Jop, Miss Kelly, Mrs. G. M. Knight, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, Miss Moore, Peter, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Raalte, Shorwell, Snarpooer, Spyella, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boris, Ceyx, Chailey, Chip, Clam, M. East, Sir Reginald Egerton, Elizabeth, Falcon, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Mary, N. O. Sellam, M. Overton, Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson, Margaret Owen, Rabbits, Rand, Sisypus, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—M. I. R., Rho Kappa, Thora.

BOSKERRIS.—"Pasture for their flocks." Exactly! "Upon the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flocks," of sheep, of course, not of cows. Do we not invariably speak of a herd of cows? This is why I rejected Nomad.

BERTRAM R. CARTER.—I accepted S.O.S. I did not say so, because it is my practice never to use initials, but only words (of at least three letters).—I may occasionally introduce an amper-sand into my pillars. We are glad to know that our acrostics give you so much pleasure.

D. L.—Mrs. Aphra Behn was mentioned in this REVIEW on July 6 under the title 'Queer Women,' and, unless I am mistaken, there was a long article about her a few weeks earlier. Chambers's invaluable 'Biographical Dictionary' calls her "the first English professional authoress and the first literary abolitionist." You will find one of her poems in the 'Oxford Book of English Verse.' She wrote under the name of Astræa:

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!"

Pope: 'Imitations of Horace, ii. 290.

"Mrs. Aphra Behn owed her popularity not only to her sins, but to a wonderful knack of contriving ingenious stage situations which must arouse the envy of modern sensational playwrights." She died in 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE volume of business on the London Stock Exchange still shows no signs of that expansion for which we had hoped after the holiday season. Such activity as exists is mainly international, while the London market appears to be coming more and more dependent on the tone of Wall Street. However unwelcome the news may be, one must point out that Wall Street is to-day calling the financial tune not merely of London but also of the European Bourses. Our monetary position still causes grave uneasiness. A disquieting feature, looking ahead, is the doubt as to where Central European countries will satisfy their future financial requirements. The Bond market in America is in a bad way. A large number of European bonds issued by American issuing houses two or three years ago have never been popularized and, it is believed, are reposing in bulk in the safes of those responsible for their creation. It certainly seems that America will be both unable and unwilling to undertake further substantial Mid-European loans for some considerable period. Nor does it seem that London will be any more anxious, and this position may in the course of the next twelve months cause considerable anxiety. Too pessimistic a view must not be taken, but the disagreeable facts cannot be overlooked.

OIL SHARE ACTIVITY

Although a justification for the move is difficult to see, certain oil shares have appreciated substantially during the last couple of weeks, as a result of considerable buying from both New York and Amsterdam. America has always taken the lead in oil, and this buying may prove significant. That sooner or later the oil share market on the London Stock Exchange will regain some of its lost popularity has frequently been suggested in these notes. It may be premature to look for oil activity in the immediate future; at the same time, it seems likely that anyone locking away first-class oil shares at the present level should eventually (though, maybe, patience will be required) reap a substantial harvest. As a "safety first" selection, one naturally turns to Shells. Other oil shares which deserve attention are Anglo-Persians, Trinidad Leaseholds and Apex. Among the more speculative kinds, there has been more interest shown of late in British Controlled shares, which company, it is believed, has recently been in negotiation with one of the big American groups regarding certain of its properties. It will be interesting to watch the trend of prices in the oil share market during the next month or two.

SUDAN PLANTATIONS

There has been a quiet demand of late for the shares of Sudan Plantations. This demand is presumably based on anticipation of the contents of the report and balance sheet to be issued during the next month or two. I do not think this optimism is misplaced. The price of Sudan Plantations was depressed owing to uncertainty in Egypt, but in view of the progress that the company is believed to have made, it is possible we may see these shares in the neighbourhood of 95s. before the end of the year. These shares are a particularly attractive holding in

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their class, as in addition to the yield they show, they appear to possess possibilities of modest capital appreciation in the reasonably near future.

LYSAGHT DEBENTURES

Those on the look out for a sound debenture should not overlook the 5½ per cent. Guaranteed Redeemable Debenture stock of John Lysaght. John Lysaght was incorporated in 1901 to acquire the sheet galvanizing business founded in 1857. Operations now include every process from the mining of iron ore to production of galvanized iron articles. The company has been successful throughout and has never failed in any year to earn substantial profits on its ordinary share capital. These debentures, in addition to being a floating charge on the entire undertaking and assets subject only to the outstanding £124,000 4½ per cent. debenture stock, are also guaranteed as to principal and interest by Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, who hold 72 per cent. of the preference capital and over 99 per cent. of the ordinary shares. This John Lysaght 5½ per cent. debenture stock appears to be a thoroughly sound industrial investment to be permanently locked away.

RECENIA R. SHAERF

Favourable reports reach me with reference to the progress that is being made by Recenia R. Shaerf. The business is that of weaving and knitting artificial silk fabrics and making up the fabrics into garments. The company does not manufacture the yarn but purchases its requirements in the open market. The company's products are sold principally under the trade mark "Recenia" to the leading wholesalers in the drapery trade of this country, and there is a valuable sales connexion on the Continent and in the Colonies. The report for the year ended May 31, recently issued, showed further expanding profits. Attention is drawn to these shares not so much for the profits that have been earned in the past, but on account of the possibilities of future expansion which appear particularly promising. The ordinary shares suffer from the drawback of having a nominal value of 1s., and are standing at a substantial premium. Nevertheless, as a speculative lock-up, they are worth consideration.

BRITISH CELANESE

Although Dr. Henry Dreyfus, in presiding at the British Celanese meeting held this week, included in his speech the profits earned during the past three months, he did not see his way to supplying shareholders with definite figures of the results achieved for the first half of the company's present financial year, which has already passed. On previous occasions Dr. Dreyfus has been criticized for having made definite estimates as to future profits; in view of the disappointment that has been caused by the non-fulfilment of these estimates, he is to be congratulated on having this time resisted the temptation. The British Celanese Company is undoubtedly a great one. Its reputation has unfortunately suffered by the violent speculative movements of its shares, which during the past few years at one time stood several pounds higher than the present level and at another at only the same number of shillings. Shareholders in British Celanese must possess themselves in patience for another year and hope that the ordinary dividend foreshadowed by their chairman will be forthcoming.

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will found a report of the First Ordinary General Meeting of Initial Services (1928), Limited.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

INITIAL SERVICES (1928), LTD.

The First Ordinary General Meeting of Initial Services (1928), Ltd., was held on September 18, in London.

Mr. A. P. Bigelow (the chairman) said that the trading profit for the year ended June 30 last, including gross dividends on shares of subsidiary companies, and after providing working expenses and management remuneration, amounted to £201,807. It must be remembered, however, that the company was only incorporated on September 17, 1928, although it acquired the business as from July 1, 1928, so that a portion of the total profit was earned prior to incorporation, and this portion, estimated to amount to £43,678, had been used to reduce goodwill. After taking into account certain revenue and expenditure which did not fall under the heading of "Trading profit," they had a net balance of profit earned during the period amounting to £158,527. The liquid resources of the company were satisfactory.

A reserve for income tax had been created amounting to £45,000, and the directors had also reserved for the preferential dividend for the three months to June 30, 1929. In dealing with the balance available, the first consideration of the directors had been that of the security of the money invested in the company, and the object it seemed to them would be best attained by the distribution of dividends on a conservative basis, thus increasing the working capital available for any extension of the company's activities.

The directors recommended a dividend for the period of approximately nine and a half months of 4d. per share, less tax. He hoped shareholders would consider the first accounts satisfactory. The business had been of gradual growth. Founded in its original form twenty-six years ago, it had developed until it was established in all the principal cities and towns in the United Kingdom. The Towel Service was only one side of the company's activities, and the Office Tea Service and the Carrier Supply and Maintenance branch of the business materially contributed to the prosperity of the company. They were to-day reaping the benefit of work done in the past, but they hoped by continuing their efforts to see a further steady growth of the business. It must be remembered that the average revenue from each customer was so small that it required a very large number of new accounts to have any appreciable effect upon the company's profits. While, therefore, the directors felt confident of the continued prosperity of the company, they did not anticipate any developments which were not in the line of steady progress.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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